

HOW GIRLS ARE HAZED IN DETROIT, MICH.

THE NATIONAL  
**POLICE GAZETTE**  
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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CHOKED BY A STRANGLER LOVER.

MRS. ANNIE CARRAWAY, A PRETTY WIDOW OF OCALA, FLA., KILLED AT JACKSONVILLE.





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CONTENT EDITOR, POLICE GAZETTE.

### POPULAR BARTENDER CONTEST.

Magnificent Solid Gold Watch or  
Diamond Locket Goes to  
the Winner.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Contest Closes January 1, 1897.

THAT'S a funny story of the young man who made love by letter to a woman whom he had never seen. When the time was ripe for a marriage—or something—he went by fast train to Vineland, N. J., where she lived. He found she was about eighty years old, and those who know say that he kicked himself all the way home.

TWO ungallant thugs of St. Louis, Mo., held up and robbed a pretty barmaid the other day. After they had gotten all the money there was in the cash drawer, one of the men knocked her senseless with a pistol. A Boston crook would have proposed marriage with her, and a New York thief would have asked her to elope with him.

A WOMAN who can throw with a good and true aim has been discovered in Cairo, Ill. She was awakened the other night by a burglar who was trying to get through the window. She didn't disturb the slumbers of her husband, but grabbed a towel rack and threw it. It struck the intruder in the face and he took a long tumble to the ground. She will probably get a testimonial for her accurate aim.

THAT'S a nice kind of a lover to have—one who strangles as an evidence of affection. A woman of Ocala, Fla. eloped with just such a fellow the other day. They went to Jacksonville, and he loved her so much that he strangled her with a silk stocking.

Beautiful, isn't it?

If it had been a common, twenty-five-cent cotton stocking perhaps she wouldn't have died so contented.

## MASKS AND FACES.

Girls From an Iowa Farm Who  
Think They Are Actresses.

BUT THEY GET THE MONEY.

Hope Booth Has a Cute Little Chinese  
Baby Now—Adopted.

RUSSELL'S HUSBAND IN VARIETY.

Those dear, unsophisticated girls from the State of Iowa, the Cherry Sisters, are simply delighted with the reception they are getting at Hammerstein's

quently have a chance to shoot some rabbits on the grounds. I killed three on the graveyard yesterday and they say to carry a rabbit's foot in your pocket that was killed on a graveyard, will bring you good luck. What will you give me for one of the feet kindly let me hear from you by return mail and oblige yours respt.

JOHN COLEMAN,  
Augusta, Ky.

The envelope was directed to "Miss Maggie Cline, New York." The return mail did not bear a reply to the Blue Grass rabbit exterminator.

Hope Booth, the lady of few clothes, who was supposed to be a certain extent in New York, has announced that she has adopted a Chinese baby from M-it-wreet. It may be all right as a piece of decorative work, but a Chinese baby is a troublesome thing to have, as Miss Booth will probably find out before long.

Misfortune seems to attend "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown" company. The reorganized forces were preparing to start for Chicago the other day when word was received that Effie Dinsmore, the soubrette, had suddenly been taken ill and could not go. Scouts were sent in every direction, and ten minutes before the train time one of them rushed into the Weehawken depot dragging Lizzie Bonheur, who had been caught on the fly. She started with the rest in less than an hour after being called upon. A few

was supposed to have taken an overdose of chloral. Then she was supposed to fall to the floor, not only unconscious but writhing. Then a doctor was called in. He sent for a policeman. The policeman sent for an ambulance. The ambulance surgeon is a sharp, young fellow. He looked at the Countess, murmured "Rats!" and then drove away.

Now the Countess is all right.

Miss Edith Knight Mallison plays the part of the daughter of an Indian chieftain in "The Cherry Pickers" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

I believe that.

She also wears an anklet set with diamonds and worth \$3,500.

Of course, I believe that, too.

She lost the anklet the other night.

She ought to lose it.

Then she advertised for it.

Of course.

Then it was found.

And it turned out to be a plain elastic garter, but, between you and I, I think it was a piece of corset string which was understriding the garter.

There came near being a vacancy in the cast at Morosco's Theatre, San Francisco, the other night. It was the old story of strychnine in the wrong bottle, and the victim this time was pretty Miss Victory Bateman. For four hours she played an intensely emotional part with the support of four doctors.

This approach to tragedy occurred at the Langham Hotel. Miss Bateman had been suffering greatly from sleeplessness, due to neuralgia and consequent nervousness. After retiring Wednesday night she remained

awake, tossing restlessly, and at last went to a medical chest kept in her apartment, and taking out a phenacetine bottle, shook a large dose into a spoon and hastily swallowed it.

Ten minutes had hardly passed when she was seized with violent pains. Thinking the medicine had caused acute dyspepsia, she rang for the bellboy to request him to bring medical assistance. By the time he had arrived she was violently sick, and the frightened youngster ran for all the physicians in the neighborhood. Two of them came at once from the Baldwin Hotel. Miss Bateman showed them the bottle from which she had taken the medicine and they found it to be strychnine. Setting vigorously to work without delay the doctors soon had the help of two more medical men, and all of them kept busy. For a time they despaired of saving the unfortunate girl's life. She had taken so large a dose of the poison, however, that an immediate revulsion had ensued. But for this the stage would have lost one of its artists. The doctors labored till long after sunrise before they felt confident that their patient was out of danger.

A strenuous effort was made to keep the news from the public. The people at the hotel would not admit knowing anything of the matter.

"I don't want anything printed," Miss Bateman said, "because some of my friends might think I had tried to commit suicide. That is something I never dreamed of doing. It was all an accident."

"I frequently take phenacetine, as it quiets me when I am nervous. In consequence there are several phenacetine bottles in my medicine chest. I also had some strychnine there, but did not think about it when I went to the chest. I took up the bottle that stood where the phenacetine usually is and shook out what would have been a good-sized dose of the nerve medicine."

"That was what saved me. There was so much of the poison that it made me deathly sick at once, and I had been relieved of much of the poison when the doctors arrived."

"There was no intent in taking the poison. The act was purely accidental, and it was not till the doctors declared that the medicine was strychnine that I remembered having the stuff in my chest at all."

F. Ziegfeld, Jr., has signed a new contract with Anna Held, by the terms of which she will remain in America ten weeks longer than she originally intended. When she finishes in Chicago with "A Parlor Match," Mr. Ziegfeld will take her on a tour of the large cities with a specially organized vaudeville company. Her milk baths and bicycle rescue have been heard of in every big town, and profitable business is expected.

Howard Dunham, the acrobat who was injured by a fall while attempting a triple somersault from the top of the tent in Barnum & Bailey's Circus some time ago, died recently in the Chicago Hospital. He had great hopes of ultimate recovery, but he grew suddenly worse, and death relieved his sufferings in a few minutes.

The marriage of Gertrude Bial to Ugo Biondi has again been postponed. The bridegroom-to-be has several important dates to fill, and as Miss Gertrude objects to travelling, the ceremony will not take place until the mimos' season is ended, which will not be for several weeks yet.

Is that all?  
I should think this postponing business would get to be very tiresome before long.

### PRETTY FACES, PRETTY FIGURES!

Lillian Russell, Five Barrison Sisters, Deyo, Lillian Cooley, Caroline Miskel Hoyt, Sadie Martinot, Dorothy M. Norton, Olga Netherale, Charlotte Rae, Maude Sludholme, Julia Marlowe-Talbot, Cabinet photos, in tight and costume, 10 cents each; three for 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet street, London, E. C.



THE PRIDE OF THE BALLET.

You Don't Find Her Name On the Bills, but She Plays a Star Part at Wine Dinners.

Olympia in New York. They do not mind the laughter or the witty remarks made by the humorous contingent of the audiences, nor do they object to the money which is thrown on the stage in Jessie's "Flower Girl Act." They take all this as a mark of appreciation on the part of their hearers. The only unpleasant incident of their stay so far has been the acts of a few hoodlums who threw potatoes, carrots and a pair of stuffed stocking legs at them. The men were promptly found out and quite as promptly ejected, and only their tearful pleadings saved them from arrest and a night in the police station. The next person, however, found doing this sort of thing will be arrested, locked up and prosecuted. They wear nothing but the cheapest, meanest and dirtiest of costumes.

Signor Perugini, Lillian Russell's husband, has gone into vaudeville again. This time he hasn't gone alone, for Mathilde Cottrelly is with him.

There is no excuse for anyone being unlucky when advantages like this are offered:  
Miss Maggie Cline: Madame, I wish to inform you that I am the sexton of our graveyard here and I fre-

\$100  
DIAMOND  
LOCKET

Or Gold Watch FREE to the most popular bartender. Read coupon on page 2, this issue. Then start your friends hustling to roll up votes. All bartenders should enter this contest.

days ago Miss McVicker, who was cast for the school-mistress, resigned to accept a more lucrative engagement with one of the Frohman companies.

Rotund Max Freeman is about to abandon stage managing and devote himself once more to acting. He will make his reappearance on the stage under management of Hoyt & McKee, in "A Contented Woman," which opens at the author's theatre in a few weeks. The part of the Irish professor has been altered to a German pedant in order to better fit Max's linguistic ability. His last appearance in this city was as the King in "The Talsman" three years ago. Since then he has staged many important productions, but has come to the conclusion that a stage manager's lot is somewhat similar to the monkey's—"more kicks than ha'pence."

Nat Goodwin has withdrawn his suit for divorce against his wife, and the chances of a wedding between him and Maxine Elliott are as far away as ever. It seems that Goodwin had everything fixed for a quiet little suit. He advertised it in an obscure little paper in San Francisco, but it was discovered by a wide-awake reporter and published far and wide.

It is strange what some actresses will do for a press notice. The latest story is about the Countess Margherita De Silva and it seems to be a good one. She



## HELD UP PRETTY JOSIE.

She is a Barmaid in a Popular St. Louis, Mo., Saloon.

## WAS ROBBED BY THUGS.

After They Took the Money They Beat the Poor Girl Senseless.

## HER PARROT YELLED MURDER.

"Josie, the Barmaid," a pretty St. Louis girl, who is almost famous, has been held up in the place where she was employed by a couple of thugs, and now she is a heroine. For some time past a gang of men have been looting the St. Louis saloons and having things all their own way. They must have grown tired of holding up men, for the other afternoon they put in an appearance at the place presided over by the pretty barmaid. They didn't waste much time getting down to business, and they took all the coin out of the drawer, after which one of the men struck the defenseless girl a murderous blow on the head, and then they fled, leaving her for dead.

The robbery was apparently very well planned, for the men spent the entire day about the place waiting for a favorable time to hold it up.

About noon the proprietor of the saloon went away and left Josie in charge. She is only eighteen years old, but she is very well developed for her age, and she knows how to mix a drink to perfection.

After a short while she noticed two men engaged in close conversation near the front door. One of them was a young man with a black slouch hat and a dark cutaway suit. The other wore a light sack suit and was older.

The man in the light suit was trying to induce the other to enter the saloon. After some parleying the younger man entered and bought a small bottle of whiskey. He went out with it and they walked away together.

About an hour later the men came back. The man in black sat down near a table, resting his elbows on the table and covering his face with his hands. His companion invited him to drink, but he refused, saying that he was sick. The man in the light suit bought a glass of beer and the two fell to arguing politics with an old man who had been sitting near the stove.

The argument waxed warm and the old man got the worst of it and left the saloon in a huff.

Apparently this was what the robbers wanted, for as soon as the old man went out the man in the light suit advanced toward the bar.

Just then two customers of the place entered and the pair left the saloon.

The girl noticed that during their stay the dark man had studiously hidden his face from observation.

It was 5:30 o'clock and just getting dark, when the men showed up again. They came in and bought two glasses of beer. There were three customers at the other end of the bar.

The customers left a few minutes later, leaving the girl, the two men and her pet parrot in the saloon.

The men sat at one of the tables, the dark man still hiding his face.

The parrot perched itself on his hat.

The dark man repeatedly said he was sick.

The light man induced him to take a glass of beer. They went to the bar and, after drinking the beer, the light man went through his pockets and then said to the other:

"Give the girl a dime; I'm busted."

"All right," said the dark man, as he started apparently for the back door.

He walked unsteadily, as if very ill, until he reached the end of the bar.

Then a wonderful transformation took place. The sick man straightened up and rushed behind the bar, at the same time pulling a revolver and pointing it at Josie's head.

"Don't scream unless you want to die," he said.

She gasped, and assured him that she would not scream.

The parrot was still perched on the dark man's hat and was greatly excited.

Its entire vocabulary consists of "Come off," "Polly wants a cracker," and some strong expletives picked up around the saloon. It kept ringing the changes on these during the hold-up.

Holding the gun in his right hand, the dark man opened the money drawer with his left. The light man came around and helped empty the drawer. Josie could see a third man standing outside the door in the semi-darkness.

The robbers emptied the drawer and were looking for more booty, when she said:

"Please don't take any cigars."

"Quick as a flash the dark man turned and hit her a terrible blow on the head with the butt end of his revolver.

The girl staggered to the end of the bar. She tried to reach the door leading upstairs, but sank unconscious before she got there.

Her younger brother heard the noise and ran downstairs just in time to see the men run out at the front door. He stopped a minute to learn whether his sister was alive. Then he started in pursuit of the robbers.

As he went out a man at the front door told him the men had run south on Broadway. This was a lie. They had gone in the other direction. The boy started south, but, of course, he found no trace of the men. When he came back the man at the front door had dis-

appeared. He found his sister still lying on the floor, the parrot perched on her prostrate form. The girl was revived.

The saloonkeeper reached home shortly after the hold-up. He sent messengers in three directions for a policeman, but they could find none. As a last resort he went out in the back yard and fired off a shotgun four times. The police arrived half an hour after the men escaped.

They got away with \$15.80, the contents of the money drawer.

### GAGGED BY RUFFIANS.

Mrs. Mabel Small, of St. Louis, applied to Assistant Prosecuting Attorney Jackson the other morning for a warrant charging Geo. Denny, the pugilist, with highway robbery.

Denny called for Mrs. Small last Saturday night, asking her to go to the theatre. She agreed and they got in a car going west. After riding a long time Denny told her it was too late to go to the theatre, they had better get out and walk awhile.

On alighting Mrs. Small found they were at the entrance of O'Fallon Park. They walked around for quite a while when suddenly two men sprang out of the shrubbery, knocked her down and gagged her. The blow was so hard she lost consciousness and then the men searched her, evidently for money only, because a diamond brooch which she was wearing was not even disturbed.

When she was struck she screamed violently half a dozen times and a motorman heard her. He told a mounted policeman of the cries and the officer hastened to the place.

The men were evidently frightened off by the approaching officers, for they at once loosened the gag and helped her to her feet; then they disappeared. Denny was very close to her, and she at once suspected him of having a hand in the affair.

Denny walked away with her and she accused him of being a party to the robbery, telling him she would never forgive him. She and Denny are old friends, so the blow was a great grief to her, and she felt it very keenly.

When they came up to the



### UNGALLANT ST. LOUIS CROOKS.

They Not Only Rob a Saloon, but Beat the Pretty Barmaid, Too.

officer, he asked them what had happened and Mrs. Small told him of the occurrence, asking him to arrest Denny, which he did.

Col. Jackson asked Mrs. Small if she recognized the other men. She said she was almost sure she knew them, so she was advised to wait until later before swearing out the warrant in hopes that the other two would be arrested.

The men did not get anything for their pains as Mrs. Small's screams were answered quickly.

She said the next morning that she felt very bad to have to send Denny to the penitentiary, but she felt that she must do so, as this offense was too great to be condoned.

She has known him for many years, but his not defending her that night made it appear that he was a party to the affair and she could not feel the same towards him again.

### HORRIBLE FACES STARED AT THEM.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

As the result of a foolish bet a young woman of Coudersport, Pa., is likely to lose her reason. She was one of a party of girls who made a wager that they would sleep in a haunted house over night. The girls went to the place very bravely and managed to make themselves comfortable. They went to sleep and then some practical jokers pushed faces made out of pumpkins with candles inside, through the window. One of the girls became hysterical and rushed out of the back door into the woods, while another fell to the floor speechless through fright.

The girls were taken home, but it is almost certain that one of them will become insane.

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## DEATH FOLLOWS BETRAYAL

This Indianapolis Man Slew the Girl Who Trusted Him.

## ASKED TO BE WEDDED.

But He Refused Her and Added Suicide to His Other Crimes.

## BOTH FOUND DEAD IN THE STREET.

Early the other morning a little newsboy of Indianapolis, Ind., while going around with his newspapers, stumbled over the dead body of a man and a woman lying upon the gravelled sidewalk near a vacant house on Birkenmeyer avenue.

The body of the woman was partly on its side with the hands tightly clenched and the cheek resting on the sidewalk, while the man was upon his back, his legs wide apart, his hands down by his side, with one tightly grasping the revolver by which the murderous work had been accomplished.

There was a bullet hole in the woman's breast, and there were two bullet holes in the back. Every chamber of the weapon had been discharged, the murderer evidently reserving the last

to me, and marry me at once." Little is known of the suicide save that he is the grandson of Louis Asmus, a blind fruit dealer, who gives him a bad record. For a time Myer worked in a brickyard at Emerichville, boarding with a sister of Nora Richardson, with whom his victim made her home, and there he brought about her betrayal. In general purpose he was a loafer, and after a short time he quit work and persisted in living off his grandfather, until the latter drove him away. Three weeks ago, as charged by his grandfather, his grandson robbed him of \$25 by breaking into his wardrobe, since which time he has not seen him. Myer had no other relatives in Indianapolis, and the grandfather says he will not bury him. The killing of the girl and the subsequent suicide are supposed to have occurred about 4 o'clock in the morning, as the family of Herman Seyfried, the nearest resident to the untenanted house, were awakened at that hour by the sound of firing.

The murdered girl was the daughter of Thomas Richardson, an old farmer living on the Lafayette road, six miles from the city. She was known to be weak mentally and a girl easily influenced.

The post mortem showed that the woman was shot twice in the back and once in the breast, either of the shots being fatal. The direction of the bullet which killed Myer shows that he opened his coat and vest and placed the muzzle of the weapon directly over his heart before pulling the trigger. A supposed cause for the killing developed later in the finding of another letter addressed to Myer, in which she threatened to evoke the law if he did not right her wrong with marriage.

### CAN'T FIGHT AT CONEY ISLAND.

Officials Won't Allow Fitz and Corbett to Enter the Ring.

Warren Lewis' big scheme for bringing about the proposed fight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons at Coney Island has faded into a misty vale, for the Brooklyn authorities, who have jurisdiction over Coney Island, have decided not to allow it to happen.

This fact was determined at a conference at the Brooklyn Court House last Saturday, at which were present District Attorney Backus, Police Commissioner Welles, Jacob Brenner, counsel for the police department; Police Superintendent McKeivey, Warren Lewis, of the Greater New York Athletic Club, and James Taylor, the Club's counsel.

These men have had several meetings, but the result of the negotiations were not made public until the following statement was given out:

On Friday Mr. Lewis, the President of the Greater New York Athletic Club, and James Taylor, his counsel, called on Mr. Backus at the District Attorney's office and stated that they understood that they had objections to the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight proposed to be held in the Greater New York Athletic Club at Coney Island.

Mr. Lewis and Mr. Taylor said that a New York club offered a purse of \$25,000 for this fight, and that their club offered \$26,000, and thought the New York people ought not to have everything, and that this fight ought to come to Brooklyn.

"Mr. Backus asked if the winner was to take all of the \$26,000, and was informed by Mr. Lewis that that was the contract proposed by both the fighters. Mr. Backus said that the code, section 458, was

his only guide, and that neither of them would be allowed to step into the ring in the County of Kings. Mr. Backus said that he would advise the police to be on hand ready to arrest both Corbett and Fitzsimmons and everybody that was aiding and abetting or encouraging them.

The opinion of the district attorney, which was concurred in by Mr. Brenner, counsel to the police department, Commissioner Welles, Supt. McKeivey and Mr. Cooke, from the corporation counsel's office, was that the proposed meeting between Corbett and Fitzsimmons was a prize fight and was a violation of section 458 of the code, that it would not be allowed to take place and that the men would not be allowed to go into the ring for the purpose of having a fight.

### SAMMY KELLY IN ENGLAND.

A letter from our correspondent in London says: "Sammy Kelly, the American bantam champion, and his trainer, Paddy Moran, arrived on the American liner, St. Paul, at Southampton, on Nov. 18, where they were met by the POLICE GAZETTE representative, and on arrival in London immediately proceeded to the office of Mr. Richard K. Fox, where they held an impromptu reception, a big crowd awaiting their appearance. The American champion is a bright-looking fellow, and very retiring. He had little to say beyond that he liked the country so far as he had seen, but anxiously asked after Billy Plimmer. From what Kelly says there is no doubt that he holds the Birmingham man in the highest respect, and has great regard for his boxing abilities. He said that Plimmer is credited with being the best man England or America had possessed for many years, and the general opinion in America is that Plimmer is a very hard nut for anybody to crack. Kelly will make a tour of the country, and has several excellent offers to box at various music halls."

A match has been made between Jack Hanley, at present of Buffalo, and Harry Gilmore, of Chicago, for a 20-round go for a purse of \$500, to be fought before the Toronto Rowing Club about Christmas.

Owen Zeigler, the Philadelphia lightweight boxer, has several offers of purses from New York clubs. He will probably locate in that city, taking Billy Whistler along with him, and the two men will work together whenever possible.

Peter Felix, the colored Australian heavyweight, who is coming to America with Joe Goddard, is said to stand 6 feet 6 inches in his stocking feet. Felix claims a relationship to Peter Jackson. Felix is also reported as being extremely clever.

Earl Moore was received at the penitentiary in Columbus, O., on Nov. 29 to serve one year for prize fighting. Moore is said to be the first pugilist in that State to receive more than a jail sentence for participating in a prize fight without killing his opponent. His misfortune is aggravated by the fact that he was knocked out in the fight which caused all the trouble. The fight was with John Jenkins, and came off some months ago at Springfield. Jenkins was also arrested but forfeited his bond and got away.

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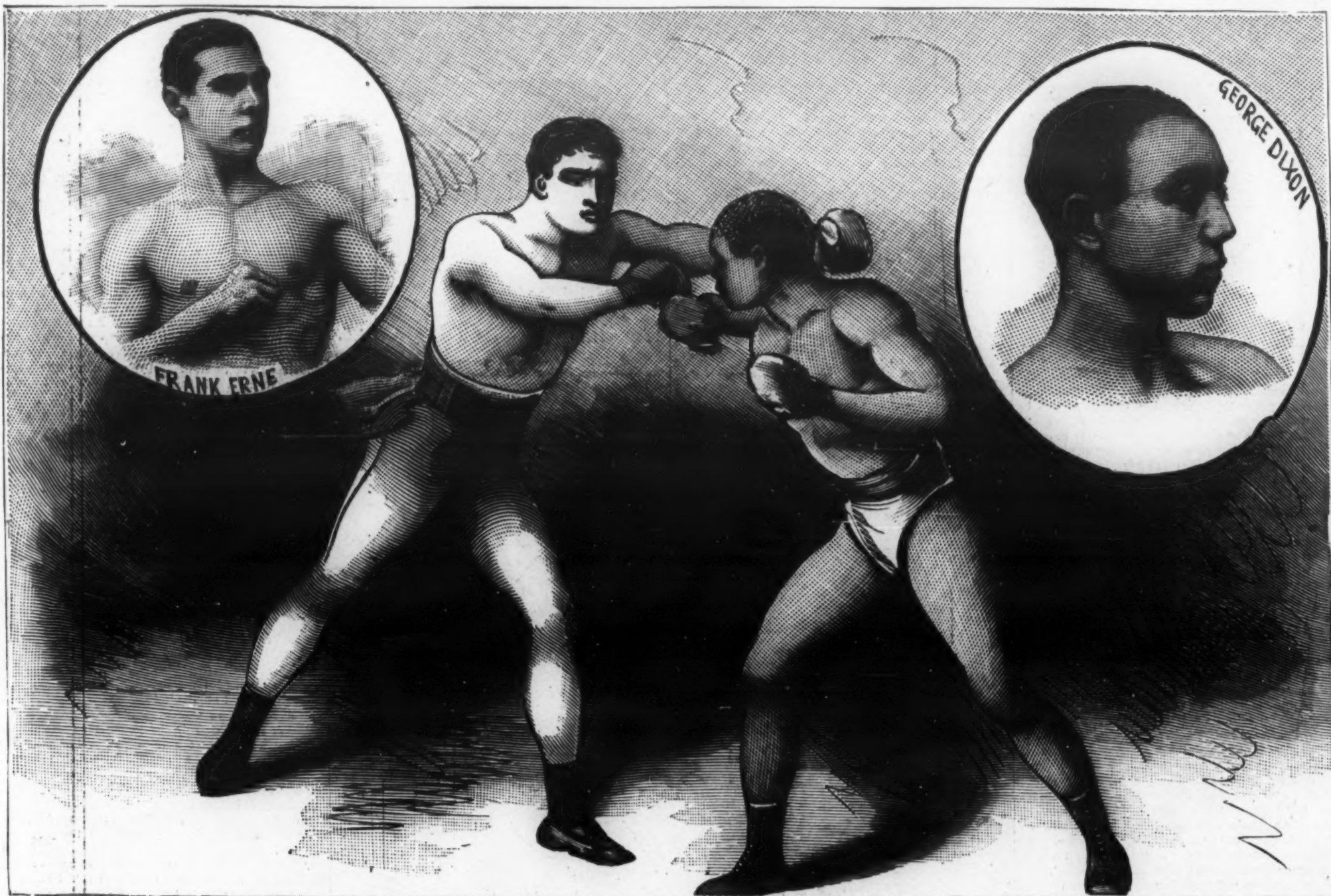




MARIE LOFTUS.

BEAUTIFUL OF FACE AND FORM, SHE HAS ENCHANTED THEATRE FOLKS OF LONDON, ENG.





ERNE WINS A DECISION ON POINTS.  
DIXON, THE HITHERTO INVINCIBLE FEATHERWEIGHT CHAMPION, BESTED IN A TWENTY-ROUND CONTEST.



THEY STOLE HIS WIFE.  
HOW THE PRETTY SPOUSE OF A LOS ANGELES, CAL., MAN WAS ABDUCTED BY AN ARDENT LOVER.



## SHE LOVED A SOLDIER.

A Banker's Wife of San Francisco  
Winds Up in Court.

## ARRAIGNED AS A DRUNK.

Now Her Lover is Gone and Hubby  
Has Secured a Divorce.

## AND OF COURSE SHE IS SORRY.

Here is a choice little story which began in San Francisco and ended in New York, and which only helps to prove that some women don't know when they are well off. The woman in the case would never have acquired all this notoriety had she not been arraigned in a Brooklyn police court the other day, charged with intoxication. It did not take the judge very long to find out who and what she was. Then he discharged her after he had exacted a promise from her that she would reform and go back to the Golden Gate.

Here is the story:

Just a few years ago Nannie Williams was a reigning belle in San Francisco, and the whole town went wild over her wondrous beauty. She had a host of admirers, among whom was a rising young banker, who had plenty of money. He courted her so ardently that before very long he had gained her consent to a speedy marriage. Within a year after the wedding a son was born to them and it looked as if the future was rosy. As they had plenty of money there were plenty of dinner parties given at the house, and it wasn't very long before the woman acquired a taste for liquors.

She visited the Presidio, the army fort, at San Francisco, and after dismissing her carriage, went into a near-by restaurant and drank heavily. She staggered to the parade ground and was found in a semi-conscious condition by Robert E. Wood, a handsome young teamster, who was then serving Uncle Sam. He revived her by liberal doses of bromides, succeeded in learning her address and took her home. Afterward he was a frequent visitor at the banker's mansion.

The husband learned of this and upbraided his wife for speaking to a common soldier, and she told him that the man had been so kind to her that she owed him a debt of gratitude. This did not satisfy the husband, and he put detectives to watch his wife. She sued for divorce and the custody of the child. In her story, told to the Brooklyn police justice, she claimed that she was granted the divorce and was given \$125 a month alimony.

The army teamster was a daily visitor until one morning he announced that his regiment had received orders to proceed to Fort Hamilton. He went away with the soldiers, and the woman got enough money from her lawyer to follow him, which she did.

Then the couple concluded to get out together, and so they took a train and came right on to New York. They went to a hotel and registered as man and wife. They had a row the other morning, and the woman packed her effects and called a cab to take her to a New York hotel. She had a flask of whiskey, and can remember nothing until she returned to the Brooklyn hotel, about 4 o'clock in the evening, intoxicated. The landlord refused to allow his former boarder to enter the house. She ordered the cabman to drive her to a police station, and he took her to the Eighteenth Precinct Station House. There she was placed in charge of the matron, and insisted upon wiring her San Francisco lawyer of her predicament. The matron took the telegram, but did not send it. The woman was allowed to send her teamster a dispatch, but he paid no attention to it.

When arraigned in court she wore a handsome tailor-made gown, and diamonds sparkled from her fingers and ears. Her large hat was covered with plumes. While waiting for her case to come up a deputy in the court room, seeing that she was not an ordinary case of drunk, gave her permission to sit on a bench outside of the railing, but she declined, saying that she would take the same treatment as other prisoners of her class. Just previous to her arraignment she fainted and was given a glass of brandy by a court attendant.

She walked from the court unattended to a boarding-house in Brooklyn, where she engaged apartments. She made up her mind she would have nothing more to do with her teamster lover who had treated her so shabbily. The man is now at Fort Hamilton.

Her husband in San Francisco says the woman has unfortunately contracted the morphine habit and that she is incurable.

### CHOKED BY A STRANGLER LOVER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Annie Carraway, a handsome young widow of Ocala, Fla., who ran away a couple of weeks ago with Robert W. Wilkes, was killed by strangulation by her lover in an apartment building in Jacksonville, Fla.

After the murder Wilkes locked the room and went out strolling about the streets with the utmost composure until 2 o'clock in the afternoon when Mrs. Carraway's body was found. The officers immediately suspected him, and he was arrested.

Mrs. Carraway was found dead on the bed. She was dressed for the street, but her clothing was disarranged. About her neck was wound a silk stocking, and when it was removed the prints of fingers were found. A chambermaid was near the room at 11 o'clock and heard a gurgling noise within, but attached no significance to it. The noise, however, was Mrs. Carraway's death agony. Both the victim and the murderer are

said to have stood well in Ocala, and it was not known that they had gone away together, although Wilkes had been paying attention to Mrs. Carraway. The woman has two little children and property at Ocala.

The police have been investigating the record of Wilkes, and state that he has a mania for strangling women whose favors he enjoyed. They say that he attacked a woman about six weeks ago, and when the woman remonstrated he said:

"I am just showing how much I love you."

It is claimed he was known as "The Strangler Lover" in the "half-world." Mrs. Carraway knew this peculiarity of Wilkes, for she said to the chambermaid recently:

"When my husband is very affectionate he always plays at choking me."

L. W. WOOD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A cycle rider well known to racing fame is L. W. Wood. When Mr. Wood is not riding a bike he is an actor, and is now touring the country with "A Trip to Chinatown." Mr. Wood is one of the best features of the show and a gentleman of fine qualities.

JOE HENNESSEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The London Theatre, New York city, is noted for its affable employees, none of which are better known or more liked than the subject of this sketch—its present advertising agent. Some few years ago Joe was famous as a collar and elbow wrestler and made one of the

## THEY COURTED BY LETTER.

A Young Man Writes Lovingly  
to an Old Woman.

## SHE MET HIM AT THE TRAIN.

Took Him Home to Dinner With Her, But  
He Skipped Out Quickly.

## IT WAS A GREAT JOKE.

There are a lot of Jersey romances floating about, but the people on the west side of the Hudson river seem to know how to keep their own secrets, and consequently very few little tales of love and affection leak out. But here is a story which is most sensational and interesting, and the leading characters are a well-

ing for a companion; that he was a widower—"lonely, oh, how lonely." He described to her the enchantments of his farm, and told her only one more comfort was needed, and that was a companion in life. He described his farm, and wrote that he was tall and had a brown mustache.

The old lady sent an encouraging reply, and then the letters came thick and fast, laden with love's endearing sentiments. Just what all those letters contained is only known to the widow, the stranger and Cupid.

Finally it was decided that he should come and visit his charmer. He told her to bring to the train his last letter, and when she saw a tall gentleman, with a brown mustache and a letter in his hand, "it will be me," he wrote.

The widow, who is possessed of considerable means, put her place in fine order, and finally, unable to conceal her ecstasy over her approaching marriage, let the whole story leak out. On the last train Tuesday evening the lover was expected to arrive.

In the meantime two stylish women of Vineland, a Miss M. and a Mrs. M., who had been let into the secret, tripped down to meet the incoming train, each carrying a sweet-scented envelope. As the train rolled in the three women took up their positions along the platform; the youngest nearest the car door. Presently out strode a tall, well-dressed young man with a brown mustache, holding in front of him a dainty little envelope. The sight of the three women holding letters bewildered him for a few moments, but, putting on a bold front, he descended to the platform.

As he neared the youngest and handsomest girl her letter fluttered and a most bewitching smile played over her face. But the stranger merely gave her a glance and passed on toward the second lady. There he hesitated, but she made no sign, and the young man walked up to the side of the third woman, who was the widow of seventy-six summers, leaning on the arm of her daughter.

As the stranger stopped the old lady moved toward him, and in sweet accents said:

"Is this Mr. Johnson?"

"Yes, I'm Mr. Johnson," said the young man, looking askance at the old lady.

"I am the woman you are looking for," she replied.

"I think there must be some mistake," gasped the stranger.

"Oh, no," replied the old widow, "this is your last sweet letter, and oh, the train was so late, and I feared something had happened to you."

With looks of despair the young man watched the fast-fading lights of the train as it rolled out of the station, but he was soon aroused by the old lady, who put her arm around his, and in soothing tones said:

"Oh! I expect you are so tired, and I have got such a nice supper waiting for you."

In a few minutes the couple were seen wending their way from the depot, the young man the picture of despair.

About 8 o'clock in the evening the young man rushed breathlessly to the ticket office and asked when the next train left Vineland. There being none till the next morning, he went to the Baker House and registered. He left on the first train in the morning.

How the young man entertained the idea that he was not corresponding with a woman old enough to be his grandmother is a mystery.

### SAVED BY HIS COLD NERVE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The coolness and bravery of a white man who has been working for the Southern Railroad at Columbus, Ga., saved him from being lynched the other day, and resulted in his acquittal by a court of justice. The man had been arrested charged with making an assault upon a little girl.

His description tallied with that of a tramp who visited the city and who was supposed to have attempted the outrage. He was identified by the child and her mother.

A crowd of angry countrymen, neighbors and friends surrounded the man, armed with Winchester, and the women calling for the death of the supposed assailant. A rope was placed around the man's neck, but standing there and looking them in the eye the person who at any moment expected to be jerked into eternity claimed his innocence, arguing with them not to put upon themselves and their children the curse of taking the life of an innocent man. This coolness resulted in his being turned over to the proper authorities, and a full investigation by the grand jury has resulted in his acquittal.

### MATTY MATTHEWS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Matty Matthews is a New York boy who has lately been winning fame in the prize ring. At Buffalo recently he defeated Stanton Abbott, and Sam Tonkins fell a victim to him at the New York Athletic Club. He and Kid McPartland have been offered a \$1,000 purse to fight at Buffalo, N. Y.

Matthews was born July 13, 1873, and weighs 135 pounds. He began his fist career by winning the lightweight tournament at the New Manhattan Athletic Club last year, beating Jack Gibbons in four rounds, and Tom Frazer in seven rounds. Since then, besides Abbott and Tonkins, he has beaten Jack Bemis, Jack Brennan, Nick Collins, Jack Hanley, and fought draws with Harry Peterson, Mike Leonard and Tom Wilson.

### SOUTH AFRICAN FISTIC STARS.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

The fistic game is very lively in the gold country. Celebrities from all over the world are gravitating in that direction, and many Americans, Englishmen and Australians are already there. Conspicuous in the group on the accompanying pages is Kid McCoy, the American champion, who is now matched to fight Bill Doherty some time this month. Denver Ed Smith, who was recently beaten by Joe Goddard, is also shown, likewise little Tommy Denny. Jake Hildebrandt, the backer of Smith, who was recently in this country, is seated on the extreme left of the group.

### FULL OF THRILLING SITUATIONS.

Square, New York. 149 Fleet street, London, E. C.

"A Guilty Love," No. 6, FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Translated from the French. Illustrated in half-tone and pen and ink. Price 50 cents, post-paid. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin



### ADVENTURES OF A SOCIETY WOMAN.

Taken Home, Drunk, by a Soldier and Afterwards Arraigned in a Court.

combination that showed through the South with John L. Sullivan when the big fellow made his notable trip to Richburg, Miss., to stand trial for his championship battle with Jake Kilrain, for \$20,000 and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt. Since then Joe has given his attention to theatricals and as an advertising agent he can give hosts of the fraternity cards and spades in this game. His popularity will be best evidenced on the night of Dec. 21, when the Joe Hennessey Association will hold its annual ball at Everett Hall, East Fourth street. Some of the officers and directors of the affair are: The Hon. T. D. Sullivan, Hon. T. P. Sullivan, Hon. T. J. Bradley, Michael Noonan and Ferdie W. Frankenberg.

### E. J. MILTENBERGER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The heavyweight champion of Southern Association of the Amateur Athletic Union is E. J. Miltenberger, of New Orleans. He recently competed in the weight-throwing championship competitions. He is a fine athlete and performs well at his specialties.

### AN IDEAL STORY OF HIGH LIFE.

ARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet street, London, E. C.

known widow of Vineland, N. J., and a young farmer of Dresden Centre, N. J.

The widow is on the shady side of seventy. Last summer, as she was returning from a visit in New York and had comfortably seated herself in a car, an elderly gentleman approached her with the question:

"Is this seat engaged?"

"No, sir," replied the widow, at the same time making room for the stranger. The train rolled on a mile or two when the gentleman remarked:

"You seem to be traveling alone, madam?"

With a look of sadness the old lady replied:

"Yes, I am alone in the world, and very lonely."

A few minutes of silence followed, and then the stranger continued:

"I have been lonely for some time, too"—at this the old lady brightened up—"but now I am on my way to meet a lady whom I hope to make my wife."

The widow sighed deeply. But the man added hastily:

"I have a cousin who is a widower and also very lonely. If you will give me your address I will send it to him."

Notwithstanding the unusual circumstances of the meeting the widow gave the man her address. A few days after the widow arrived home she received a letter. The writer told her he was the party referred to by the gentleman she had met on the train, and he understood she was a lonely widow; that she was long-



## JEALOUS MODEL'S REVENGE

Smashes an Image Because Her Rival Posed for the Head.

## SHE LOVED THE SCULPTOR.

So She Could Not Bear to See Another Woman Win His Smiles.

## A NEW ORLEANS, LA., ROMANCE.

A beautiful clay image of a nude woman was found mutilated and broken the other day in the studio of a well-known New Orleans artist. The destroyer of the beautiful image was Leontine, a model with a figure like a goddess.

She is beautiful, and she has the genius of her trade, understanding how to express with intensity a sentiment and a passion.

Her greatest merit, the masters say, is her initial and primitive savagery, necessary to all the personages of history wherein human beings, ever the prey of some passionate fury, suppress the conventional and the lessons learned in advance.

She was happy, sought after, almost wealthy, when she fell ill six or seven months ago. There came a time when she had no other resource than the Charity Hospital. Then the sculptor, in gratitude for noble works that her faultless form had inspired in him, took care of her. He was not richer then than he is now, but he employed a nurse to watch at her bedside at night and a cook to feed her by day.

When she had been saved from the verge of death she went home again, and she returned to her work as a model for nearly all the clever men of New Orleans, but she frequently used to go to Du Bois' studio and watch him with eyes that were hungry and heavy laden with love. But the sculptor loved his art so well that he never seemed to have time to love a woman and he never knew that she loved him as she did.

But at last he did fall in love—but not with the faithful Leontine. He fell in love with a beautiful society girl who used to go to his studio and make tea for him, and with whom he used to sit and chat in the cosy corners of the great room.

Then one day he began a dancing figure of a nude woman—the Judith of history—and he got Leontine with her superb figure and her magnificent curves, to pose for him. Once or twice he found himself admire the beautiful flesh tints of his model and his mind strayed away from the society girl. But when she came in the afternoons he always neglected the black-eyed sensuous model for her.

As the model posed she noticed that the artist did not work on the head, and she asked him about it. Very candidly he told her that she was not to pose for the face, but that he would take the society girl for his model. If he had seen the look in her eyes then he would have been frightened, but he was too busy at the time. Finally the figure was done—with Leontine's body and the society girl's delicate features. He covered it all carefully, then went out to dinner with a party of friends whom he had invited to view his work. At the conclusion of the dinner they all went to the studio.

When they entered they found the beautiful piece of work a wreck. The head was gone and the legs were twisted. The artist wondered how anybody could have come into his studio, since Leontine had not the key, but he went to the window which opens on the fire escape, saw that it had been half closed hurriedly, and found on the sill a small lace-bordered handkerchief which the housebreaker had dropped there in her flight.

He sighed and said nothing to his friends. They learned his romantic adventure slowly, in fragments which they drew from him one by one.

### KEPT THE MOB AT BAY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

At 2 o'clock the other morning a mob of about one hundred men surrounded the Ray county jail at Richmond, Mo., and demanded the keys of the sheriff so they could lynch Jesse Winner and Lon Lackey, who are in jail on a charge of murder.

The mob was in the jail before the sheriff knew it and they started upstairs to get the keys, but were met at the top by the sheriff's wife, who with a loaded revolver warned them not to come further. The mob eventually gave way before the determined woman and left the place.

### MISS I. A. GREY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Miss Grey, who is at present employed in a well-known barber shop in Savannah, Ga., has almost completed arrangements for making a tour of the world and practicing her profession.

Miss Grey is 22 years of age, medium height and a decided brunette. She was born near Chicago, Ill., and learned her trade in that city eight years ago. She has since followed that trade and has given universal satisfaction wherever she has been employed. She is at the present time manager of the only lady barber shop in the South, located at No. 24 Whitaker street, Savannah, Ga., where she will remain for a very short while longer.

Miss Grey has made a constant study of the business in all its branches, and works both right and left

handed, therefore safely claiming herself to be the "champion lady barber of the world." She has made a most thorough search of the principal libraries of the United States for information concerning the origination of her trade and failing to find it she made up her mind that the only way to obtain that information was to go abroad; thus she conceived the idea of touring the world in search of it, and to put that information together with a miniature history of her trip into book form, thus utilizing the knowledge she acquires in a beneficiary way, both for herself and others.

She starts alone and without a cent, earning her way with her trade, bringing back a specified amount of cash, thus identifying herself as the greatest and most novel "tourist" the world has ever known. She is bound to succeed, for beside being of an energetic, ambitious and attractive nature, she has the proper amount of determination to succeed at anything she may undertake. She also has worked up some very clever schemes that will net her no small amount when turned into cash.

The POLICE GAZETTE takes pleasure in asking all who become interested in her new and novel idea to give her a helping hand, as she is ready to consider any business offer made her.

Any communications of a strictly business nature addressed to her in care of the GAZETTE will be promptly answered.

"GIVE IT TO HER, GIRLS!"

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

That hazing has not passed out of existence was



WAS A VENGEFUL MODEL.

She Spoiled the Best Work of a Famous Artist Because She Was Jealous.

proven conclusively a week ago, when a swell young woman hurriedly left a private seminary at Detroit, Mich., for her home at Philadelphia, vowing and swearing she had been most shamefully abused by her companions.

It seems that when she made her first appearance at the school she was waited on in her bedroom one night by a select committee who informed her that she must conform to an unwritten rule of the institution by going downstairs at midnight in her night-gown, singing:

"Oh, I don't know,  
I'm not so warm,  
There's other girls  
As warm as I."

She refused point blank, and the committee walked out.

They walked in the next night, however, and while half a dozen of them held her she was liberally wet down with ice water. She put up a game fight, but it was no use, and she was thoroughly soaked from head to foot before she was released.

The next day she left for her home, but she left a record behind her, for one of her tormentors remarked that she had the finest shape of any girl in the seminary.

### WOMAN'S WICKEDNESS!

FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES, No. 19. A story from actual life, dealing with the Privilege, Frailty and Vanity of Love, Passionate, but Wicked Woman, by George O'Brien. Elegantly and artistically illustrated with half-tone and ten drawings. Price by mail, 50 cents. Sent to any address, securely wrapped, by RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, The Fox Building, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet street, London, E. C.

## SLAIN BY A JEALOUS LOVER

A San Francisco Man Killed for Protecting a Woman.

## HE DID NOT KNOW HER.

Her Angry Paramour Was Trying to Shoot Her in the Street.

## THE WOMAN ESCAPED UNHURT.

For interfering in a fight and trying to save the life of a woman who was in danger, James F. Childs, a teamster, of San Francisco, Cal., was shot in the head and instantly killed the other afternoon. And then foiled in his attempt to take the life of the object of his re-

and Policeman McGee was approaching at a run from the direction of Sixth street. Seeing that he was being surrounded, Miller pulled a box of cartridges from his pocket and attempted to reload his pistol. As he did so he moved up the street and tried to enter the basement of the house at 429 Clementina street, but found the door locked. To gain the basement door Miller had to descend a flight of four or five steps from the level of the sidewalk. Before he could regain the street Policeman McGee, pistol in hand, was upon him. Miller pointed his pistol at the policeman and tried to pull the trigger, but before he could do so, McGee fired at close range, the bullet striking the wall within less than half an inch of the murderer's head.

Without waiting to fire a second shot McGee closed with his man and after a fierce struggle succeeded in disarming him. Miller, though a man of short stature and a hunchback, fought desperately with the big and plucky policeman, and it was not until after his legs and arms had been pinned to the ground that he submitted to being handcuffed. He was then taken to the Southern police station, where a charge of murder was lodged against him. The body of his victim was removed to the morgue.

James F. Childs, the man who was murdered, was twenty-six years old. He was employed by the Emporium Co. as a teamster.

W. W. Childs, a brother of the murdered man, gives a graphic account of the shooting.

"We had just returned from work," he said, "and I was in the act of changing my clothes for a more suitable street garb, when I observed that the front door was wide open. My mother, it seems, had left the house a few moments before and failed to close the door."

"I called to James to close it, and just as he started to do so a woman sent forth a series of piercing shrieks, followed by four pistol shots fired in quick succession. Almost before we could reach the door a woman dashed up the steps, followed by a man flourishing a pistol. As I was in advance, I caught hold of the woman. My brother seized the man an instant later. James grabbed the fellow around the shoulders, and then came a sharp brief struggle, during which the man managed to free the hand holding the pistol. A second later there was a report and my brother fell to the pavement."

"In the meantime the woman fainted dead away, her sudden collapse bearing me to the floor. I had just gotten to my feet again when the fatal shot was fired. Miller, for such I have since learned is his name, turned and fled up the street, followed by a crowd of men and boys. He jumped into a small flower garden three or four doors away, and I am told tried to send a bullet through his own worthless brain. I did not see this act, but did hear the snap of the pistol. I never saw either the man or woman before in my life. I suppose the latter rushed into our house because the door was open, offering a possible escape from her pursuer."

Miller frankly admits trying to murder his former mistress. According to his story he arrived in San Francisco from Texas about seven years ago. At that time he was worth about \$30,000, the greater part of which he lost in land speculations in Los Angeles. About two years ago he met Mrs. Ryan and after her divorce she went to live with him. He says she spent his money and caused him a great deal of trouble, and finally, a few weeks ago, she left him. Finding that she lived a portion of the time at 406 Clementina street, he visited her there with the determination of killing her if she continued to ignore his request that she return and live with him. When she ran away he followed and fired four shots at her.

### HER AIM WAS GOOD AND TRUE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The courage of a brave woman of Cairo, Ill., the other morning, frustrated a bold attempt at burglary and a possible murder. She was aroused the other morning from a sound sleep by the raising of a window. A light was burning on the bureau and by it the woman saw a man half way through the window. Her husband slept on and instead of arousing him she sprang from her bed, and seizing a heavy oak towel rack, hurled it with all her force at the burglar. It struck him squarely in the face, knocking him back through the window. With a cry of alarm and pain the man sank to the ground under the window, which is on the first floor, and lay there a moment as if stunned. She is young and muscular. When the burglar fell back from the blow glass was shattered around him. The breaking of the glass awoke the sleeping husband, who seized his revolver and ran to the window. The burglar had made his escape.

### THEY STOLE HIS WIFE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

They have a true Western way of doing things on the Pacific Coast, as was shown the other day in Los Angeles, where a man who was in love with a married woman stole her from under her husband's eyes. With three or four friends, all masked, he entered the house, when she was at dinner, and removed her by force. The husband hasn't seen her since.

### HE PULLED HER LEG.

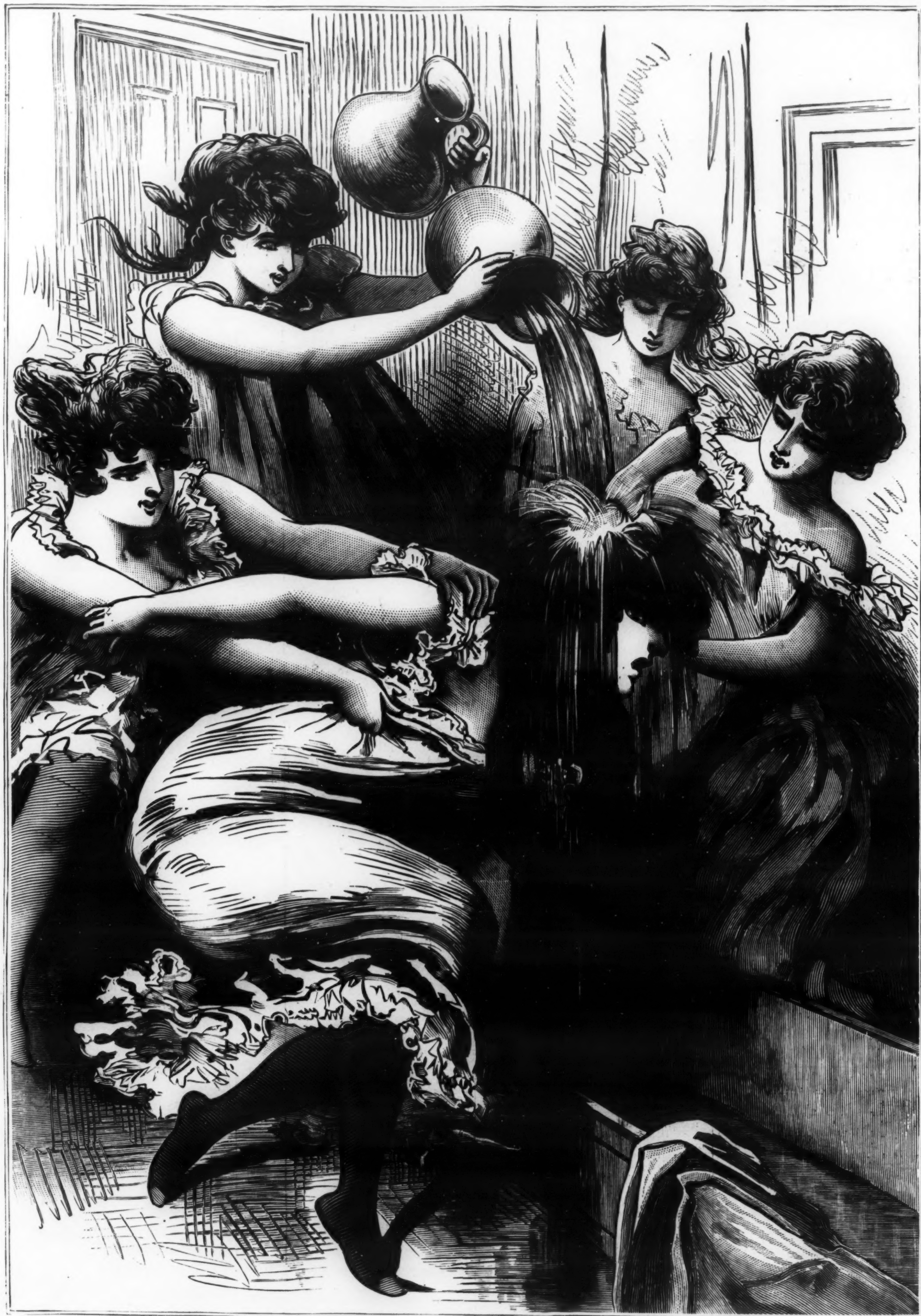
[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There is man in Elizabeth, N. J., who has a fondness for pulling girls' legs. The other night while two girls were walking along Broad street he jumped out from behind a tree, and throwing one of them down, pulled her leg so viciously that it is about two inches longer than the other. Since then women and children have taken to staying home at night.

### ONE OF FOLLY'S QUEENS!

"A Modern Siren." No. 17 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. A tale of man's duplicity and woman's folly. From the French of Ernest Daudet, with 66 sensational illustrations. Price 50 cents, sent by mail to any address, securely wrapped, by RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet street, London, E. C.



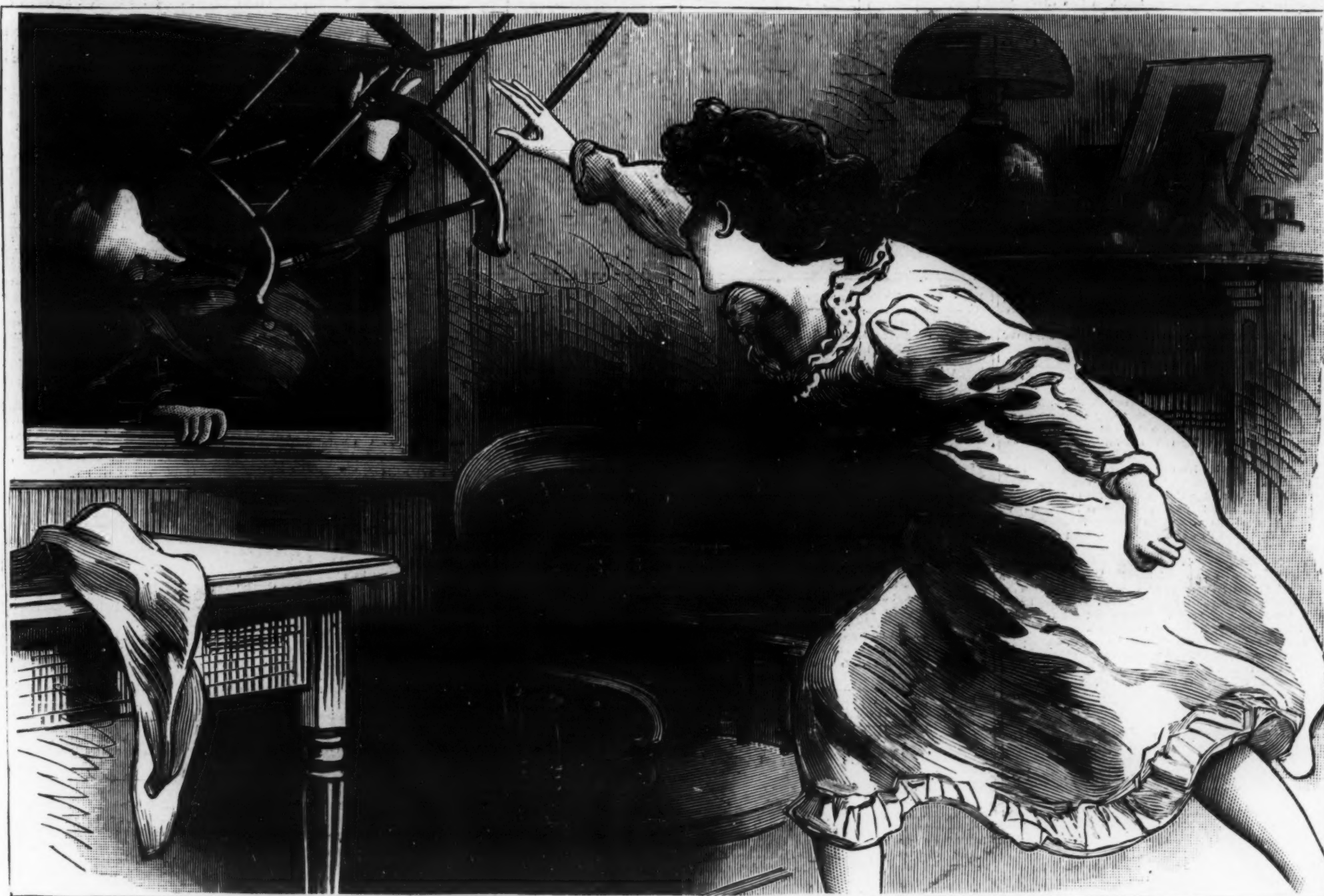


"GIVE IT TO HER, GIRLS, IT WILL DO HER GOOD!"  
HOW A GOOD-LOOKING NEW-COMER, AT A DETROIT, MICH., PRIVATE SEMINARY, WAS  
HAZED BY HER FROLICSOME COMPANIONS FOR BREAKING A CLASS RULE.





SAVED BY HIS COLD NERVE,  
WITH A ROPE AROUND HIS NECK, A MAN OF COLUMBUS, GA., IS SAVED BY HIS GREAT COOLNESS.



HER AIM WAS GOOD AND TRUE.  
A PLUCKY HOUSEWIFE, OF CAIRO, ILL., PUTS TO FLIGHT A BOLD BURGLAR WITH A TOWEL-RACK.



## SMITH LOST ON A FOUL.

Nine Rounds of Rapid Fighting  
Terminate Unsatisfactorily.

BOTH WERE GOING WELL.

Mysterious Billy Warned by Referee  
Hurst, but Gave No Heed to It.

IT WAS A SPLENDID FIGHT.

Mysterious Billy Smith has nobody but himself to blame for losing his battle with Tommy Ryan at the Empire A. C., Maspeth, L. I., last Wednesday night. The affair culminated in a series of fouls and Smith violated the rules of the ring so flagrantly that Referee Hurst had no other alternative.

Previous to the ninth round the men put up a most interesting go. Smith was completely puzzled by his rival's beautiful defense, so he finally resorted to the roughest kind of rushing, hugging, tripping and elbowing until he had earned the pronounced disapproval of the crowd. Had Smith refrained from such tactics the fight would have probably ended in his favor, as he had the advantage at the time the affair was ended so summarily. Smith offered to fight Ryan again when it was all over, but the crowd howled him down.

The sporting men who made the trip from the city were in a quandary, as a rule, how to make their bets. Ryan and Smith seemed to be so evenly matched that it was about an even-money chance and take your pick. Ryan did his training at Syracuse, and Smith put on the finishing touches at College Point. Both came to the club-house in splendid fettle.

The preliminary bout was between Frank Patterson of Brooklyn and Billy Moore of Syracuse. They were watched to go ten rounds at catch weights. Tim Hurst was the referee. Moore and Patterson weighed in the neighborhood of 122 pounds. This was a rapid fight from the start, both men showing cleverness and good hitting powers. Moore drew first blood from Patterson's mouth in the third round by landing a series of heavy lefts. In the fourth round Patterson tried rushing tactics, but Moore showed extreme cleverness in getting away, and was not hurt at all. Patterson had a slight advantage in the fifth round, but as Moore kept on the defensive, no damage was done.

The last round developed a real slugging match, in which Patterson did enough work to boom his stock and earn a draw, which was the referee's ruling.

Ryan and Smith were not slow in appearing. The former's seconds were Jimmy Handler, Fred Smith, Tom Brady and George English, while Smith was cared for by Tim McGrath, Charley White and Bill Crowley. The men were ready at 10:15 o'clock.

Round 1—Light sparring opened the round. Then Smith led with his left twice, neither blow landing squarely. Ryan stopped a third left and countered on the neck. Ryan also put a left on the face and Smith got in a cross-counter on the neck. Smith tried his right, but Ryan ducked, and the rest of the round was devoted to sparring.

Round 2—Ryan rushed with a left on the wind. Smith responded with a right on the ear and a clinch followed. Smith attempted to put his left on the face, but it was blocked, and Ryan landed a stiff one on the mouth. Smith's right swing reached Tommy's back as he was skipping away, and in a mix-up a moment later they both landed hot blows in the face. Smith held Ryan in a clinch, after which he almost fell down in a try for the Syracuse man's jaw. Ryan was taking no chances.

Round 3—Smith's left was well stopped, and Smith rushed into a clinch. Ryan put a left on the eye, and then blocked off two swings. Smith tried for the face twice, but was unsuccessful, Ryan keeping well out of harm's way. The next instant Ryan shot a hard left to the jaw, and Smith began swinging wildly, until a clinch ended the rally. It was a pretty fight.

Round 4—Ryan's rush was stopped. They exchanged swings on the neck, and Ryan reached the ribs with a light blow. Smith jabbed the face with his left, but his right went wide of the mark. Smith came closer and swung both hands, but his opponent's defense was superb. They began to mix it, and finally clinched. At the close they were sparring at long range.

Round 5—Smith opened with a left that was shut off. Ryan jabbed Billy's mouth and escaped a hard right by clinching. Smith rushed his man to the ropes and both landed swings on the head. Ryan played for the short ribs, but he stopped that quickly as Smith swung a right on the neck. Then three feet from the mysterious one were stopped, and he looked puzzled.

Round 6—Ryan's lead for the wind was short, and then they exchanged body blows. Tommy's left reached the throat and Smith sent one to the neck. Billy was forcing matters, and Ryan cut loose. The result was that both men landed hard blows on the head and neck, but neither staggered. Ryan ran into a left that made him snuff, and also received a right on the stomach. Smith got a clip on the right eye that raised a small lump.

Round 7—Smith put his left on the ribs and landed a stiff right on the eye. He followed with a rush and sent in an uppercut to the body. Ryan retreated and then came back with a left on the nose. Smith put in left and right on the face, Ryan clinching, after which they indulged in swinging, both landing. They exchanged heavy lefts and were slugging right and left at the bell. It was even up so far.

Round 8—Ryan put his right over the heart. He dashed in again with a corker on the mouth which made Billy mix it to a clinch. Smith's right was short, but his left caught Ryan squarely on the mouth. Tom did a little rushing, but he was met with heavy swings. They got into a clinch and roughed it until the crowd yelled "Foul!" Smith's mouth was bleeding when he took his corner.

Round 9—Smith jumped in with a terrific left that cut Ryan's right eye wide open. Ryan mixed it, and Smith began roughing and slugging all over the ring. Ryan put in a hard right on the jaw, but in the mix-up that followed Smith landed some terrific blows that made Ryan stagger. Smith then lost his head and fouled Ryan repeatedly, in spite of the referee's warning. Ryan got clinched, and Smith did some more fouling, which was so palpable that the crowd yelled "Foul!" and hissed.

The referee then interposed and stopped the fight, at the same time awarding the battle to Ryan on a foul. Smith was beside himself with anger, and when the decision was announced he tried to hit Ryan again. The police, however, interfered, and the crowd fled out slowly.

**JEM MACE REFEREED THE BOUT.**  
Casper Leon and Dave Sullivan Boxed a Twenty-Round Draw.

Dave Sullivan of Boston and Casper Leon of New York fought twenty rounds to a draw at the Bohemian Sporting Club on Nov. 24. Sullivan proved to be a stiff puncher and severely punished Leon about the body. The local man put up a hard, clever battle, but was outpointed in the number of blows landed.

Jem Mace consented to referee the principal bout, between Leon and Sullivan, who were matched to fight twenty rounds at 112 pounds.

Sullivan's previous record was an excellent one. He had never suffered a defeat. Leon, however, felt confident of turning Dave's tide. The boys weighed in at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and both took several pounds before entering the ring.

They shook hands at 10:15 o'clock. Leon had a slight advantage

in the first round by using his left in the face, but Sullivan came to the aid in the second round with a couple of swinging rights on the jaw that hurt. Sullivan landed a couple of body blows in the third, while Leon continued to try for the neck and jaw, the honors being about even. Sullivan continued to pound the stomach in the fourth round, and he got home with heavy blows that Leon was a bit tired. In the fifth Sullivan repeated his tactics, also swinging successfully for the jaw with his right. Leon braced up in the sixth round and mixed it hotly, but Dave got in the heavier blows. In the seventh round Leon set the pace and got in his left on the jaw half a dozen times, Sullivan countering each time, but not doing much damage. Sullivan resumed his body punching in the eighth round and in the ninth he sent in a couple of rights on the jaw that made Leon retreat. The tenth round was about even, although Leon showed more steam than in the preceding rounds. Sullivan received three heavy lefts on the jaw in the eleventh round, which were the strongest punches Leon had landed since the battle began. The Boston boy, however, kept on hitting the ribs and stomach just the same.

Sullivan had the twelfth round well in hand, for he put in a dozen blows over the heart, all of which were felt. Leon, meanwhile, continued straight jabbing and swings for the head. The thirteenth round was also Sullivan's, his body-punching and swings on the neck being hard and accurately delivered. Leon resorted to clinching in the fourteenth round, while Sullivan kept up his attack without tiring. Leon landed a couple of stiff lefts in the neck in the fifteenth and Sullivan was staggering, but he recovered quickly and mixed it until the bell rang. Leon sent in a stinger on the nose in the sixteenth and the blood came in a torrent. The seventeenth bristled with hard hitting by both lads, with neither having an advantage.

Sullivan cut loose in the eighteenth and pounded the ribs and jaw, Leon also sending in a volley that was swift and hard. The nineteenth round was Sullivan's, as he landed two blows to one by Leon. Both put forth their best efforts in the last round and exchanged punches that landed everywhere above the belt.

They did not stop for a single breath, and were slugging away for dear life when the bell ended the go. The referee decided that it was a draw.

### AUSTRALIAN FISTIC NEWS.

At Victoria Hall, Melbourne, on Oct. 13, Peter Felix met "Starlight" for a 15-round go. Both are colored heavyweights. They put up a great battle, but Felix was awarded the fight, having done the most effective work. At Tattersall's Club, Melbourne, Oct. 19, Tot Higgins defeated J. Gibbs in ten rounds. Both men are featherweights. Ned Cullen, at the same meeting, defeated Jim Barra, the featherweight, in eight rounds. At Zeehan, N. Z., Herb

## IN PUGILISTICA'S REALM.

Events of Passing Interest That  
Merit Criticism.

"FITZ" AS AN INVENTOR.

Steve O'Donnell and Peter Maher to  
Box on Christmas Day.

VERY LIVELY ALL ALONG THE LINE.

Negotiations are under way to match Johnny Murphy, of Boston, against Jimmy Barry.

Patsy Haley, of Buffalo, is likely to be matched against Austin Rice, of New London, for 15 rounds.

Billy Vernon, the "Haverstraw Brickmaker," has an offer to go to San Francisco and meet George Green.

Fred Morris, the "Black Cyclone," wants to box Billy Stiff, of Chicago, before he leaves for San Francisco.

Robert Fitzsimmons has applied for letters patent for a punching-bag platform which is unique and attractive.

Frank Fleck the sporting politician of New York, has dropped Sealy Bill. The black fellow was an expensive luxury to Fleck.

A lively set-to took place in North St. Louis on Nov. 17 between Andy King, of Butte, Mont., and John H. Richie, a local pugilist. Both are 125-pound men and the fight was for a

They are to meet at 112 pounds, weigh in at 3 o'clock on the day of the contest.

Jack McAuliffe will in all probability meet another good boxer in San Francisco before he returns to New York. George Green, better known as "Young Corbett," who recently got the decision over Tom Tracey, of Australia, in a 30-round contest in San Francisco, is anxious to meet McAuliffe. He says he will take a contract to put McAuliffe out in ten rounds.

That Choyanski is as little thought of in the East as he is popular in San Francisco is shown by the difference in the odds in the betting. In the East Maher was a 2 to 1 favorite, while Choyanski opened favorite at the pool selling at Corbett's in Frisco. The betting was even for some time, when Maher was made favorite at 10 to 9 for a few pools. The selling closed even.

John J. Quinn, of Pittsburgh, manager of Peter Maher, has been left \$25,000 by his sister, who recently died at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England. Quinn's sister was taken from this country many years ago and adopted by an uncle, Stephen Quinn, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. He died some years ago, leaving about \$1,000,000, much of which he bequeathed to his adopted daughter.

Pat Daley, who went to England from this country several years ago and has defeated a great many English boxers since he has been over there, is anxious to meet Kid Lavigne in a 20-round bout for a purse, and is willing to make a side bet of \$1,000 on the result. The chances are that Pat will never get the opportunity of boxing Lavigne unless he comes to this country.

It is learned from very good authority that Joe Gans, who got the decision over Jerry Marshall after fighting twenty rounds before the Eureka A. C., of Baltimore, a few weeks ago, received \$48 and Marshall was handed \$14. The boxing game in Baltimore must certainly be losing its popularity when such small money as this is divided between two clever boxers like Gans and Marshall.

After the contest between Peter Maher and Joe Choyanski, Tom O'Rourke tried to match the men again to meet in a 20-round contest at the Broadway Athletic Club, but Maher refused to accept. Choyanski accepted immediately. O'Rourke was willing to make the men the same offer as he did for their last bout, but Maher says he does not intend to box for percentage any more, and wants a purse.

What was intended to be a finish fight, but came near ending in a riot, took place the other morning just over the city line of Brooklyn, N. Y., between two middleweights, Jim Carey, of New York, and Billy Brennan, of Bayonne. The fight was awarded to the Jersey lad on a foul, at the end of the fourth round by Referee Cooke, of Boston. A new match was made between the principals to take place two weeks from date.

Two matches which the Buffalo Empire A. C. is reported to have made are Larry Burns, of Cohoes, who was beaten by Frank Erne in Buffalo last winter, after a splendid battle, and Martin Flaherty, of Lowell, the featherweight who has been anxious to meet Erne for twenty rounds, and Kid McPartland, of New York, and Matty Matthews the New York lightweight, who has won two victories before the Empire Club.

Steve O'Donnell is to have another try at Peter Maher. They are scheduled to meet for twenty rounds before Warren Lewis' Coney Island Club at 2 o'clock in the afternoon on Christmas Day. Billy Madden, who is handling O'Donnell, says his man will win, and that he will then send him after Fitzsimmons and Corbett. The irrepressible Madden claims that he has the champion. Madden and O'Donnell have started in the hotel business at Yonkers.

The members of the New West Side Athletic Club, of New York, of which Sammy Kelly is a member, have decided to buy a silk handkerchief and send it to Kelly, to be worn by him in his 20-round contest with Billy Pimmon in England. There will be two silk American flags sewed on the handkerchief and also the colors of the club. Frank Stadelberg, who is a staunch admirer of Kelly, will present the handkerchief to Kelly when he goes to England to witness the bout.

If there is a blacklist on which objectionable boxers' names are placed, prohibiting them from boxing in respectable athletic clubs, leaders Strauss, the welterweight boxer of Philadelphia, should be put on it at once, and in red ink at that. In his bout with Charles Johnson recently at the Athletic Club, of Philadelphia, he deliberately kicked Johnson and but for the latter's ability to best men of Strauss' class he might have been seriously hurt.

Dick Moore, of College Point, L. I., and John Boser, of Summit Hill, boxed in Philadelphia the other night. Boser caught Moore back of the ear in the fourth round that started the claret and later he got a slight cut under the left eye, for which he got back as the Summit Hill man with two hard straight lefts in the face. This was in the fifth round. This round and the sixth were particularly lively, exchanges being frequent, though no advantage was gained by either. Both were fresh and strong at the finish, and the decision—a draw—met with universal favor.

"Parson" Davies, like other authorities on pugilism, thought Choyanski could have won if he had kept away from the Irish champion. The "Parson" says: "Well, it's all over; there's nothing to be said about it, but every one must admit that Choyanski is a wonderful boxer. We told him not to mix it up with Maher, but to keep away and jab Peter with his left in the face and wind. He lost his head, however, and the result was that Maher crossed him with his right and Joe went out. He did a foolish thing when he mixed it up with a strong two-handed fighter like Maher."

Advices from San Francisco state that the proposed second match between Tom Tracey and George Green is off, owing to Col. J. D. Hopkins' refusal to put up \$2,500 on the result. Green has agreed to fight Jack McAuliffe for \$2,500 a side and the largest purse offered. McAuliffe has accepted. The St. George A. C. has offered a \$3,000 purse for the contest and the Olympic A. C. has offered a larger purse. McAuliffe has sent word to New York that he is going to fight Green for a side bet of \$5,000 and that he does not intend to return East for some time.

The contest between Charley Johnson and William Quinn (Scafly Bill) at the Art A. C., Philadelphia, on Nov. 21, drew a big crowd. They were not long getting together. Bill started to swing with left and right-handers at Johnson's head. He was not good in his judgment of distance, and his blows either fell short or went around Johnson's head. In the third round Bill punched Johnson enough in the stomach to have stopped half a dozen ordinary men, but Johnson only laughed and took Scal's something, and he was not so fast in the fourth round, and Johnson, taking the aggressive, got in several good stiff right-handers. The decision was a draw.

Nellie Innes' "King Record," No. 3, has just come to hand, and is the most complete ready reference book on pugilism in existence to-day. It has been carefully compiled, and contains the records of over fifty of the leading pugilists now before the public. In addition to the previous issue, No. 3 contains the records of Horace Leeds, Billy Vernon, Jimmy Handler, Owen Zeigler, Martin Flaherty, Joe Gans, Casper Leon, Jack Ward, Billy Ernst, Tommy White, "Spike" Sullivan, Johnny Larnack, Joe Dunfee and Kid McPartland. Mr. Innes is one of the best-known writers on pugilism in America, and the fact that he personally supervised and arranged the records given in the little book is sufficient endorsement of its correctness and reliability.

James Kennard, better known as the "St. Paul Kid," who was at one time one of the fast lightweight fighters of the country, has been very near death at Johnstown, Pa. Frank Blakely of Buffalo reported him dying, but in response to a telegram the proprietor of the Armstrong House, where Kennard is staying, says that he is not as bad as reported. He says Kennard wants to die and has tried to accomplish his purpose by dinking. That he would stand up to a bar and drink nearly a pint of raw liquor, saying that he hoped it would kill him. Kennard has many friends, but is very dependent over some private trouble. The doctor attending him says that he must not take another drink for a year. That if he does it will very likely kill him.

**THE WAY OF THE FOOL.**  
A charming story by the famous French novelist, Hector Malot. Artistic Illustrations. Price, 50 cents. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



Prof. C. C. Bonette, Who Has Won Fame as an Aeronaut.

McKell defeated Jim Deir in seven rounds. At Victoria Hall, Melbourne, Oct. 21, Sam Cohen knocked out Peter Melvor in three rounds. Abe Willis, who was defeated by George Dixon at San Francisco, was knocked out by Jim Atkinson in the seventh round at Tattersall's Club, Melbourne, Oct. 22.

**VICTORY FOR THE AMERICAN LAD.**  
Connolly Beat Causer at the Olympic Club Birmingham.

A special cable to the POLICE GAZETTE on Nov. 24 contained the pleasing intelligence that Eddie Connolly of Boston had just defeated Tom Causer of England, for the 150-pound championship, before the Olympic Club of Birmingham. The match was made through the agency of the POLICE GAZETTE, and the latter conducted all negotiations, even to advancing the American lad the expenses for his passage and training.

The affair was the first of an international character arranged for the Olympic Club, and was successful in every respect. The betting slightly favored Connolly, and it looked like an even contest, both men being well trained.

In the first round Connolly was allowed to force the exchanges. In the second round Connolly forced Causer down and delivered a blow in the face before his opponent had time to rise. This caused murmurs of disapproval.

The third round showed fast work and the Londoner finished strong. In the fourth Causer brought his opponent down. In the fifth round Causer fell twice and was counted out. Neither man was much hurt.

Sealy Bill Quinn is going to San Francisco, and will try to secure a match with George Green or Tom Tracey.

### PROF. C. C. BONETTE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

If records count for anything, then Prof. Bonette is the most successful aeronaut in the world. During the season just past he made thirty-two ascensions and drops, making 318 in six years. Regarding his experiences, he said:

"I received three accidents this year. One at Onset, Mass., being dashed in a house there. One at Bangor, Me.; balloon burned in the air. I fell sixty feet, but fortunately struck a tree top and came out with a few bruises. The last time, at Malone, N. Y., the balloon collapsed. I fell about 600 feet; the parachute opened when about thirty feet from the ground, but I got two broken ribs."

**IN SATAN'S GRASP!**  
"Devil's Compact," No. 4, FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. A startling story by Emily Zola. Illustrated with over 100 pictures and colored plates. Price by mail 50 cents. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet street, London, E. C.

purse of \$75. After fifteen rounds of spirited fighting the mill was declared a draw. The local man had the best of the fight all the way through.

Billy Smith says he will forfeit \$2,500 if he does not stop Jim Ryan, the Australian middleweight, now in the West, in four rounds.

Fred Morris, the "Black Cyclone," has secured a new backer, who will take him to San Francisco and match him against any man in his class.

Charley White, who manages Matty Matthews, the local boxer who recently put Stanton Abbott to sleep, wants to match Matthews against Kid McPartland.

Peter Lowry, the young Irishman who travels with Peter Maher, and who is rated as a good one among the many lightweights, wants a battle with any 133-pounder.

Joe Goddard has another brother in Australia who has developed into a good fighter. He is an aspirant for the Gold Field's championship, now held by Charley Dunn.

Peter Felix and "Starlight," the colored American boxers, who have been boxing in Australia for several years, have been matched to box for the championship of that country.

Bob Armstrong, who defeated Paddy Slavin, has been challenged by Charley Strong, of Newark, who recently defeated Henry Baker, of Chicago. Strong is considered to be a good man by fistic experts.

Everything has been settled for a finish fight between Eddie Brown, of Ireland, and Ned Moore, the local featherweight. If the match comes off the boys will box at 115 pounds, with small gloves only, somewhere in New York State.

Charles Burns, of Cincinnati, knocked out Frank Wong, of Norfolk, in the third round at the Empire A. C., of Baltimore, on Nov. 24. James McCabe, of Richmond, received the decision over Joe Butler, of Philadelphia, in a six-round go.

Negotiations are pending between Ben Falk, manager of the Golden West Athletic Club, and the manager of Frank Craig, the "Harlem Coffee Cooler," for a match with Dan Creedon. Craig was at one time champion middleweight of England.

Jack Skelly, of Brooklyn, and Elwood McCloskey were the stellar attraction of the Caledonian Club's boxing entertainment in Philadelphia last Saturday night. It was Skelly's first appearance in the ring in Philadelphia and the impression created by the Brooklyn lad was certainly favorable, he being given the decision after six rounds.

Jack Madden, the clever boxer of Brooklyn, and Patsy Haley, of Buffalo, accepted the offer made to them by the Montauk Athletic Club, of Corona, L. I., and both signed the articles of agreement to meet in a 15-round contest at the club's initial boxing show, which takes place in its new club-house in about two weeks.



# EXTRA!

## DIXON OUTPOINTED IN TWENTY ROUNDS BY ERNE

The Buffalo Lad Showed Improved Form and Was the Champion's Superior at All Stages of the Game.

FOUGHT BEFORE THE BROADWAY ATHLETIC CLUB.

Four Thousand Spectators Witnessed One of the Most Scientific Contests Ever Held in the History of Modern Pugilism.

A NEW LUMINARY APPEARS ON THE PUGILISTIC HORIZON.

Frank Erne, of Buffalo, received the decision over George Dixon in a twenty-round contest which took place before the Broadway Athletic Club, New York, on Nov. 27. For ten years Dixon has fought his way into prominence as the recognized featherweight champion of the world. He won his title in engagements that involved the total annihilation of his antagonists—finest fights. In that peculiar line of work he has no superior in the ring today, yet as a scientific boxer he has no superior, and as he and Erne agreed to box a scientific contest involving the finer points of the game, eliminating the chance possibilities of a knock-out, so must the merits of the affair be adjudged. Erne proved to be in every respect a superior boxer; he outpointed him at long range, beat him decisively at in-fighting, and displayed a thorough knowledge of ring generalship, besides possessing courage and fearlessness—a quality which was lacking in other men who have faced the redoubtable little colored feather in the ring. He was great in attack, showing himself to be a splendid judge of distance, while his defense work was so admirable as to call for spontaneous applause from veteran ring-goers, who were able to appreciate the excellent quality of his work. He had evidently made a close study of Dixon's peculiar style of fighting. He timed himself to be well in on his antagonist when the latter swung his favorite one-two punches—left at the head and the right at the body. Erne blocked those cleverly, and made his return deliveries at short range with telling effect.

Against him Dixon's famous rushing tactics were futile. Erne met those rushes with a straight left hand against which Dixon rushed as he might against a stone wall. Times without number Erne stopped Dixon with this blow, and he augmented the force of it with a wicked right which seldom failed to land upon the body.

Dixon's successes in the past were due to the fact that his opponents have never tried to analyze his peculiar style of fighting, with a view to overcoming his advantages. Tommy White utilized a straight left-hand lead to some purpose, but it remained for Erne to solve the problem by blocking Dixon's leads and stepping in with a quick two-hand-d follow.

Neither man was badly punished or distressed at the end, and there is no doubt could have gone on for many rounds longer, but at the end of the stipulated number Erne had a long lead in the matter of points, and the decision in his favor was received with uproarious applause.

It was a new experience for the veteran followers of the ring to see the hitherto invincible Dixon outmastered at his own game by a sturdy, vigorous youth. For the first time in their lives men who have followed Dixon in all his important battles saw him put upon the defensive. They saw him fought into his own corner and against the ropes. The saw him stand back, not afraid, but trembling nevertheless and wondering at the unlooked-for ability of the man before him.

When they saw Erne meet him with a straight left hand, that he stopped seldom, except with his face or body, they could scarcely believe the evidence of their senses. It was not until they saw him backing away from Erne that they were forced to the conclusion that Dixon, for the first time in his life in his own class, was meeting a pugilist who asked no favors from him.

According to their agreement the lads had weighed 132 pounds at three o'clock, so that in the matter of weight neither had the advantage. Erne was the bigger framed and to make the weight he was more easily drawn. The muscles of his body stood out clear and sharp, but the dark lines under his eyes told that he must have done a great deal of hard work and suffered some to scale the limit.

He appeared strong and confident, however, and never once displayed any of that timidity or half-heartedness which had proved fatal to many of Dixon's former opponents. His body appeared to be of alabaster whiteness almost, when contrasted with his dark blue, neat fitting trunks. Although lean, he looked strong and proved it in the contest just before him.

Dixon, shorter by an inch but possessing all the confidence born of many victories, some of them hard-fought and all of them clean, faced the white boy smilingly. His skin shone like bronze and the white breech cloth which he wore gave it a deeper hue. If he was not as good and as strong as at any stage of his career he gave no indication of it. His skin had the tinge of health in it. When he walked to the center of the ring his step was as elastic and his air as confident as ever.

And in the contest itself, at least, until he had been stopped repeatedly by that terrible left of Erne's, he worked with that tireless energy which has been characteristic of him in all his battles. For the first twelve rounds Dixon struggled along gallantly. Although severely punished, he declined to believe that the honors were slipping away from him.

He had been in a tight place before and always had come out on top. But, with the passing of the twelfth round his confidence and his steam began to ooze away. Then it was that sporting men for the first time saw him fight on the defensive.

Although often in a tight place before, he never had really been put on the defensive. He always had been on top of his man, and fought fiercely to the close.

In the seventeenth round he began to pull away from Erne, and from that time to the finish he clearly battled for a draw.

A description of the contest by rounds is as follows: Round 1—They sparred for an opening, then Dixon shot his left to the body, Erne countering on the neck. Erne also jabbed the neck with a left and repeated the blow Dixon countering on the ear. Dixon landed a left wing fluke on the nose, and Erne retaliated with a left that was high. Dixon swung a left to the ear and also landed a right on the nose, Erne countering each time on the neck. Erne hustled matters toward the close, and honors were about even.

Round 2—Erne opened with a jab on the neck, and Dixon swung both hands, but the blows were blocked. Erne drove a hard right over the heart, and George sent in his long left to the ribs. They exchanged hits, both reaching the faces, and then Dixon rushed in with a right on the wind. Erne shot his left squarely into the jaw, and Dixon ducked it fiercely to a clinch. Dixon's rush was cleverly avoided, and Erne then turned with a left on the mouth. Erne's cleverness was a puzzle to the champion, and his stock began to rise.

Round 3—Erne led with right on the body and left on the face, after which he was rushed to the ropes, Dixon sending in his famous double blow. George was forcing the issue now, but Erne's foot work came into play, and he escaped punishment. Dixon rushed

again, and Erne's straight left caught him on the eye. But he continued his hustling, and Erne took the defensive. It was a pretty go, filled with all the science known to followers of the ring.

Round 4—Dixon ran into a left and was rushed to the ropes. Erne mixed it, and a left caught him on the jaw, Erne retreating. Then Frank dashed in again, and with a heavy right-hand swing, he cut Dixon's left eye open for first blood. Dixon fought faster and Erne drove him to the corner, where George bounded off the ropes. Dixon came back with a hard rush, but he got as good as he sent until a clinch ended the rally.

Round 5—Dixon opened with a rush and was met with a stiff left



Pat Donovan, Who Will Manage the Pittsburg National League Team.

on the nose. He tried another, and his man got out of the way skillfully. Dixon drove his left to the ribs and swung a terrific right to the wind. That made Erne a bit cautious, and he kept away, Dixon swinging for his head in vain. The champion tried another rush, and chased the Buffalo man around the ring without landing. Then they got to close quarters and Dixon had the better of an exchange of swings.

Round 6—Dixon shot a left to the neck and Erne mixed it with two jabs on the eye. Dixon kept pegging away, and in a clinch he tried to land, the crowd hissing in disapproval. Erne now tried rushing, and a couple of right-hand swings on the eye drove George to the ropes. They indulged in heavy in-fighting, and the blood began to flow from Erne's nose. Dixon put a fearful right over the heart, and Erne slugged him right and left until they were clinched at the bell. The fighting was very fast.

Round 7—They sparred for a moment, after which Erne put a left on the mouth. Dixon rushed, but Erne got away until he had a chance to clinch. They exchanged jabs, and Dixon missed a heavy left uppercut for the throat. A rapid exchange of short-arm punches followed, and Erne landed a heavy right on the body. Dixon then swung a hard one on the ear, and Erne put in a couple of corking lefts on the face.

Round 8—Dixon's rush was avoided, but on his next try George's left found the ribs. Erne seemed loath to mix it until the champion came to close quarters, when Frank drove his left to the mouth and his right to the damaged eye. Dixon played successfully for the body with his left, Erne countering well on the neck and clinching as the rally became stronger. Toward the close the men sparred for wind, as the face pace was beginning to tell on both.

Round 9—Dixon's left for the head was blocked, but he got to the body and neck on the next rush, Erne putting a left on the body. At close range Dixon drove a powerful right over the heart and followed with a left hook on the jaw and that brought a clinch. Erne then put his left on the nose and ran away from a hard right. Dixon rushed him to the ropes and drove in an uppercut on the wind. Erne's left went to the face again, but he could not stop two body blows that were powerfully delivered.

Round 10—They exchanged swings, and Dixon put a left on the body. Erne began to rush, and Dixon's blows became heavier. They both landed swings, and Erne stopped a terrific drive for the jaw in the prettiest style. Dixon rushed, and the men struggled along the side of the ring in a clinch. On the break Dixon dashed in with a couple of terrific body blows, Erne responding with a great punch on the stomach and a swift blow on the eye.

Round 11—Dixon put a left on the mouth, and then cut loose

with a storm of blows on the head and body. Erne, however, mixed it strongly, and many of his blows hurt. Dixon then rushed like a tiger and drove Erne before him with a series of frightful swings. Erne wasn't asleep, though, and paid back the compliments in beautiful style. Dixon received a couple of swings on the eye, and then smashed the heart with a right, the hardest body blow yet delivered by the champion.

Round 12—Dixon, as usual, led with a left, but it was too high. They exchanged jabs on the body, Dixon following with two hard ones over the heart and a left on the neck. Erne jabbed the face with his left, but a right was blocked off, and Dixon pushed his right into the stomach. Erne drove his left to the right eye and raised a lump, and then mixed it up to the sound of the bell. Dixon, so far, had done, perhaps, the more work, but Erne had given an excellent account of himself, and the decision at this stage could have been a draw.

Round 13—Dixon renewed his attack at once, and Erne came back with a left that missed. Erne came to close quarters and both landed stiff ones on the jaw and body. Erne soon took the defensive and Dixon rushed in with a swing on the jaw that must have hurt. Erne, however, never flinched, and just before the bell he almost sent Dixon over with a terrific right-hand cross counter on the jaw.

Round 14—Dixon put his left on the eye and Erne jabbed the mouth. Erne rushed into a hard drive and had to clinch. They fell to slugging with right and left, Erne finally staggering Dixon with a right on the jaw. Frank followed with a rush, Dixon retreating and clinching near the ropes. Dixon then resumed his rushing tactics, and found that Erne was still full of fight and able to give plenty of punishment. The champion looked worried as he sat down.

Round 15—Dixon shot a left on the chin, and Erne sent his head back with a heavy jab on the eye. Dixon tried unsuccessfully for the body and received a hard crack on his right eye. They exchanged four great swings on the side of the head until Dixon clinched. George's attack was not nearly so swift and constant now, and he seemed to be sparing for wind. Erne came after him like a wild bull and both put in heavy swings, the last one delivered by Erne landing squarely on the ear.

Round 16—Erne led this time with a left on the eye. He followed with another on the mouth, but a swing was blocked. Dixon was on the defensive for the first time since the battle began and Erne forced matters. Dixon then saw an opening and shot his left to the nose, his right finding the ribs where the flesh was growing crimson from the blows that had landed there. Erne, however, came back with a rally that made the champion clinch.

Round 17—Erne drove his left to the eye and rushed his man to the ropes. Dixon was on the defensive, but he soon cut loose and both mixed it hotly, neither having an advantage. Erne rushed with a left on the eye but his next was shut off, and George hammered the wind with both hands. The last minute of the round was devoted to light sparring, the men seeming to tire with their fast work.



Pat Donovan, Who Will Manage the Pittsburg National League Team.

Round 18—Erne rushed in with his left flush on the mouth, Dixon countering heavily on the neck. They sparred lightly until Dixon rushed, Erne getting out of the way by clever foot work. Then Erne drove in a volley of swings on the head, which made Dixon clinch hard, and the men had to be broken. Erne put another left on the eye, and when Dixon rushed the Buffalo man skipped away.

Round 19—Dixon led for a change, but he was neatly stopped. Erne came to close quarters, and they indulged in sharp in-fighting to a clinch. Dixon rushed, but his blows were blocked. On his second essay he sent a right to the heart. Erne was taking no chances until he could have an opening for in-fighting, but Dixon was also a trifle averse to mixing it further, so both were sparring at the end.

Round 20—They shook hands and quickly exchanged body blows. Erne dashed in with a left on the mouth, and Dixon swung both hands for the head. Dixon hit his rival in a clinch and the crowd yelled "Foul!" Both landed straight lefts and Erne blocked off a right for the jaw. Erne rushed, both landing rights on the neck, and then clinching. They were sparring when the gong ended the battle.

The preliminary bouts were between Sam Rolan and Larry Burns, at 128 pounds, and Nick Barby and Dick Baker at catch weights. Burns and Barby were the winners. Sam C. Austin, of the Police Gazette, was the referee.

### SMALL FISTIC TALK.

Eddie Curry, of New York, and Billy Moore, of Syracuse, were matched at the Police Gazette office recently to box twenty rounds before the Syracuse Athletic Club on Nov. 15.

Maher said concerning his victory: "I found Choyanski to be a much harder man than I expected. He is a good general, a hard hitter and a clever boxer. He gave a good account of himself and kept me guessing for a time."

Kid Lavigne received an offer from one of the athletic clubs in San Francisco to box Charley McKeever, of Philadelphia, for ten rounds in San Francisco in December, but as the purse was not large enough he declined the offer.

It begins to look as if there would be another insane bidding match for the Corbett-Fitzsimmons contest. The so-called "managers" of boxing clubs have reached \$3,000 already. It's impossible to say how high a figure will be reached if they get fairly started.

While the Dixon and Erne match was pending Jim Kennedy promised Kid McFarland that, win or lose, he would match Erne against him and water \$1,000 on the result. McFarland's Manager called at the Police Gazette office and formally challenged Erne at any weight that may be mutually agreeable.

## POINTS FOR CORRESPONDENTS

Information for the Curious Ones Who Want To Know.

### QUERIES CONCERNING SPORT

Popularity of the "Police Gazette" as a Ready Reference for All.

### DECISIONS WHICH SETTLE WAGERS.

R. H., New York.—A wins.  
H. C. O., Rutland, Vt.—A wins.  
J. R. S., Shawnee, O. T.—A wins.  
A. B., Washington, D. C.—B wins.  
K. F. L., Columbus, O.—McKinley.  
R. H. C., Pocomoke, Va.—T wins.  
L. C. T., Greenfield, Ind.—A wins.  
F. L. E., Bridgeport, Conn.—B wins.  
W. R., Reading, Pa.—Rare knuckles.  
W. H. S., Cambridge, O.—Lewis wins.  
C. H. B., Bridgeport, Conn.—St. Louis, Mo.  
F. M. L. R., Washington, D. C.—February 22.  
T. F., New Castle—Query was answered last week.  
F. H., La Porte, Ind.—B wins. 2, B wins again.  
J. S. S., Milwaukee, Wis.—No way of determining the question.  
W. S. W., Richford, Vt.—The man who bet on McKinley wins the money.

F. B., Lake View, N. J.—Was John L. Sullivan ever champion of the world?.....No.

R. W. B., Elmwood, Ill.—Was Andy Bowen a negro or a white man?.....A negro.

Reader, "What is the name of the steam yacht owned by Mrs. Drexell?.....Baracotta.

W. H. W., Freeport, Ill.—A bets B that McKinley carries Kentucky. Who wins?.....A wins.

L. C. O., Baltimore, Md.—Yes, within ten seconds, but they resumed fighting within a minute.

O. H. M., Columbus, O.—A bets B that Bryan will carry Kentucky. Who loses?.....B wins.

M. H., Knappa Creek.—Please state if Denver Ed Smith ever fought Savin in New Orleans?.....No.

F. H. O'D., Washington, D. C.—Put the case in a lawyer's hands and for a fee he will get the information.

Constant Reader, Columbus, O.—Did Corbett and Jackson ever fight a draw?.....It was virtually a draw.

J. C., Stamford, Conn.—Which man has the longer arms, Fitzsimmons or Corbett?.....Fitz, 73½; Corbett, 73.

J. H. D., Rapid City, S. D.—A bets B that McKinley would get the electors of Kentucky. Which wins?.....A wins.

L. S., Paterson, N. J.—Please state when and where George Dixon was knocked out by the Kentucky Rosebud?.....Philadelphia, Pa.

A. L., Taftville, Conn.—How much did Corbett get when he knocked Sullivan out?.....\$25,000 purse and \$25,000 stake money.

J. H. McW., Raton, N. M.—Did Corbett or Fitzsimmons ever get decision over Choyanski?.....Corbett did. Fitzsimmons got a draw.

W. C., Grand Harbor.—I would like to have you give me the present address of William Cody (Buffalo Bill)?.....North Platte, Neb.

Pruey, Washington, D. C.—When a person bets on a sure thing does it constitute a bet?.....Depends upon the conditions of the wager.

K. T., St. Paul, Minn.—Did Johnny Van Heest and Shadow Maher ever fight?.....They may have boxed in an exhibition, but never fought.

Reconquer, Kankann, Wis.—What is the limit for middleweight championship? A bets it is 154 and B bets it is 155 pounds. ....155, give or take two.

C. J. B., Providence, R. I.—Settle a bet by stating who is the strongest man in the world, and what nationality?.....Cyr. He is a French Canadian.

J. U., —There is a bet made as to whether Maher has ever been beaten in either the Bellinghroke or National Club, of England. ....He never was.

J. W. S., Toledo, O.—I bet that Delaware and Kentucky would go Republican at last election. Bryan received one electoral vote in each State. ....You win.

O. C., New Bedford, Mass.—I bet Kid Lavigne is the lightweight champion of the world? ....He is so regarded in view of McNeill's refusal to fight for the title.

B. E. L., Bloomsburg, Pa.—Was Sullivan knocked out by Corbett or was it due to improper training?.....He was not knocked out. Fell from exhaustion. Lack of training.

B. F., Florence, Colo.—What was the weight Ernest Roeder and Evan Lewis weighed in at New Orleans when they wrestled for the championship?.....Catchweights.

J. McG., Littlefield, Conn.—Is there any professional record for 100-yard dash at 9 5/8?.....No. Send 25 cents for copy of "Police Gazette Annual" containing all records.

G. E., West Albany, N. Y.—Doing tricks is not "playing" in the meaning and acceptance of the word. Had the bet been made "never touch a card" he would have lost.

G. H. M., Buffalo, N. Y.—Who is the champion fighter of the world?.....The title is in abeyance pending the outcome of the match between Corbett and Fitzsimmons.

Buscassara, Columbus, O.—Please publish the respective weights of George Lavigne and Joe Walcott the time they fought their 15-round contest?.....They fought at 133 pounds.

A. A. C., Alford, Ia.—A bets B that Farmer Burns is the champion wrestler of the world and that he is champion catch-as-catch-can?.....Evan Lewis is the accepted champion.

J. W., New York City.—Will you kindly tell me when and how many rounds Jackson and Corbett fought? Was it a draw?.....I. Sixty-one. 2. Yes, so far as honors being even.

J. M., Columbus, O.—What was the decision in the Corbett and Jackson contest several years ago. Was it not decided a draw?.....Referee decided "no contest." Virtually a draw.

C. H. H., Netcong, N. J.—How many rounds did it take Corbett to knock out Sullivan in New Orleans?—He never knocked him out. Sullivan fell from exhaustion in the 21st round.

T. R., East Buffalo, N. Y.—I form me what the 20-mile trotting record of the world is?.....Twenty-mile record, Capt. Mangowan, Boston, Mass., Oct. 2, 1865. Time, 56 minutes, 25 seconds.

W. H., Kansas City, Mo.—Will you please tell me how old Peter Jackson is, and whether he and R. Bert Fitzsimmons ever had a set at any time or not?.....J. He was born July 3, 1861. 2. No.

L. T., Albany, N. Y.—When did McAffrey and Mitchell fight? What did Fitzsimmons and Crofton weigh when they fought?.....1. Oct. 12, 1884. 2. Crofton, 155; Fitz, 153½; 156 was the limit.

### PAT DONOVAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Patrick Donovan is one of the foremost men in baseball now before the public. He had a good record as a player, but latterly has been acquiring fame for executive ability. He has been engaged to manage the Pittsburg Club of the National League next season.

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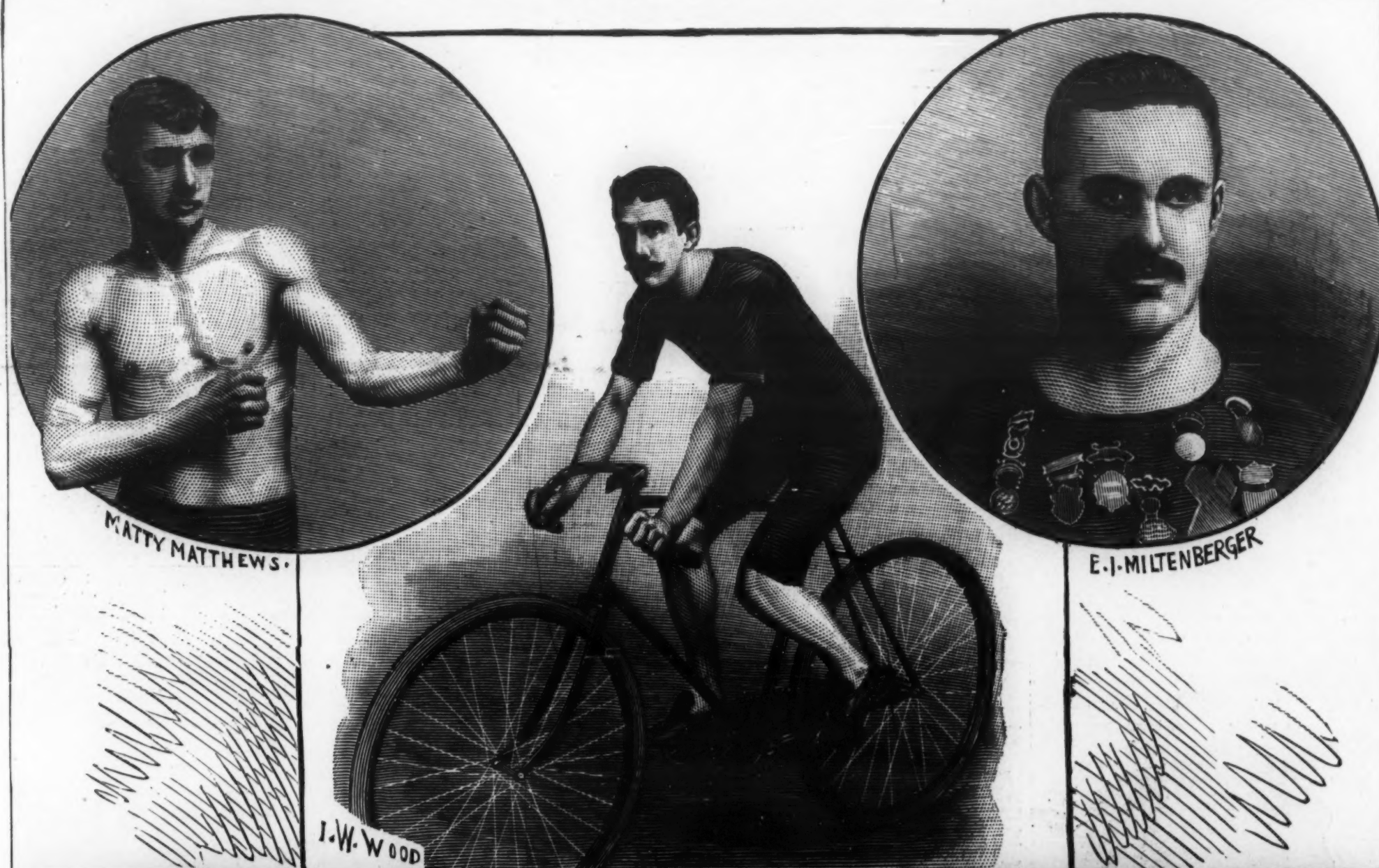


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WHOM HE FINDS OUT AT NIGHT.





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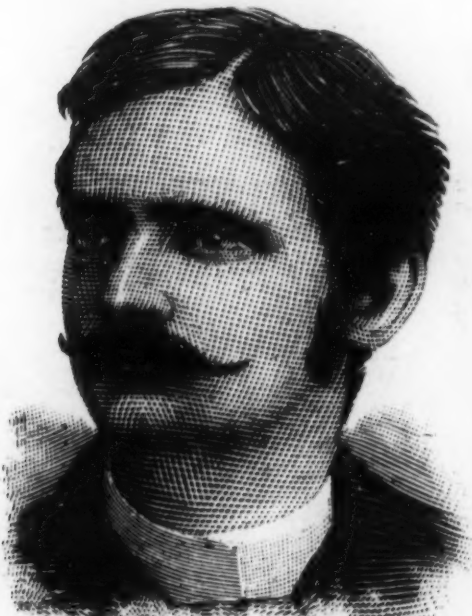
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## POPULAR BARTENDER'S CONTEST.

How the Vote for the Most Popular Drink Dispenser Stands.

	VOTES
F. P. Parisano, 297 Mott St., N. Y. city.....	245
Max Ewald, 813 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	20
Fred. Schneider, Newark, N. J.....	12
Ed. Williams, 293 Mott St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	10
Louis Salvato, 141 Mott St., N. Y. city.....	8
Fred. Sheffer, 567 Morgan St., Chicago, Ill.....	7
John Cahill, Esq., 28 Park Place, N. Y. city.....	6
Charles Vanzant, Mount Holly, N. J.....	5
Geo. Franker, 331 Bowery, N. Y. city.....	4
Henry Berger, 14th Ave., Albany, N. Y.....	4
B. Allen, 320 Walnut St., Des Moines, Ia.....	4
H. Wellal, 1645 Third Ave., N. Y. city.....	4
F. W. Langham, 8 N. Fremont St., Baltimore, Md.....	3
M. J. Corcorano, 572 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.....	3
T. C. White, 138 W. Market St., N. Scranton, Pa.....	3
A. Helmstetter, Fairfield, A. A. County, Md.....	3
A. G. Millard, Walters' Hotel, Cairo, N. Y.....	3
A. A. Geiger, 1023 Main St., Clyde, O.....	3
J. Collins, Rathbun House, Elmira, N. Y.....	2
Adolph Heurug, Security Building, Chicago, Ill.....	1
Jooney Wesser, Roseland Club House, Phoebe, Va.....	1
C. D. Allers, Wythe, cor. S. 5th St., B'klyn, N. Y.....	1
Thomas Smader, 331 Main St., Racine, Wis.....	1
Chas. B. Shirk, Palace Hotel, Lebanon, Pa.....	1
Chas. Friedrichsen, Bunker Hill, Ill.....	1
W. A. Kelly, Esq., Shreveport, La.....	1
J. Laurlander, New Brighton, S. I.....	1
Kimball, Tupper Claremont, N. H.....	1
V. Carrol Hooper, Phoebe, Va.....	1

## VOTES AND BOUQUETS.

FAIRFIELD, A. A. Co., Md., Nov. 23, 1896.  
 RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: Enclosed you will find three coupons for the bartenders' contest; please accept the same as three votes for Mr. Adam Helmstetter, of this place. Mr. Helmstetter is the most popular bartender and sporting man that we residents of Fairfield know for miles around. He is known for his generosity in backing any one that needs backing in sporting matters, such as dog fights, horse-racing, pugilism, baseball, etc. I, Lorenz Nislein, for one, William Callan for the second, and John Donnelly for the third, hereby tender him three votes in the popular bartender contest, which we hope you will accept. We think that the POLICE GAZETTE is the greatest sporting paper that ever ex-

isted. We really would not know how to get all the sporting news without it; in fact, we cannot do without it at all. Yours respectfully,

LORENZ NISLEIN,  
 WILLIAM CALLAN,  
 JOHN DONNELLY

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Dear Editor: Please inform your readers that I written to confidentially, I will mail, in a sealed letter, the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness, night losses and weak, shrunken parts.

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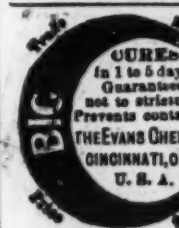


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## IN THE BOWLERS' CORNER.

News and Gossip of Interest to the Pin Knights.

BIG SCORES BEING MADE.

A Ladies' Tournament to Be Held in the City of New York.

GOOD AVERAGES IN THE WEST.

The Woodlawn head the list in the South Side, Chicago, Ill., tournament. The Vincennes hold second place and the Douglass team third.

Now Paulson says Kraemer is easy and that after he won a series from him in this city the Newark crack was not anxious to meet him again.

The Lindens have a firm hold on first place in the "Journal" League tourney, Jersey City, N. J., with a record of eight consecutive victories. The Van Bergens hold second place, the Doolittle team, by a small margin, comes third.

At the opening of the Casino tournament on Shea's alleys, Brooklyn, the Reineckes won their two games, the Killes placing the odd game to their credit. A large crowd was attracted to the scene, giving the boys a good send off.

The Twenty-sixth Ward and Annex teams are fighting it to the death in the Twenty-sixth Ward tournament, Brooklyn. They head the column each having won seven and lost one game, although the first-named club has twenty-six points the best of it in average.

Dave Shuman, the man who rolled the sensational series with Gerdie's Club last year for the championship of the Sun individual tournament, has declared emphatically he will not roll again on the Bowery alleys. There was not a sorer man in town after that tournament.

The sixth series of games in the Kansas City, Mo., tournament closed last week with the Owls, Kansas City and Aces tied for first place. The Owls have rolled the highest team score so far, total 3,750, and Dietrich of this club still holds the highest individual record.

The Annexed District tournament is well under way, and the games at Urbach's Hotel every Monday evening are well attended. The Roller representatives now hold the honor of rolling the highest game this season, their score against the Prospects showing a total of 959 pins.

Two tournaments are in progress at the Chicago Athletic Association, Buffalo, N. Y. One at the game called Old Soldiers, and the other ten pins. W. W. Winnard stands high in the former with an average of 97 in three games, and Wright and Wagner are tied for first place in the latter.

The Goldbugs are high in the Royal League tournament of Kansas City, Mo., losing but one game of the seven rolled. The J. J. Posters are second and Eagles third. Hanson of the first named club holds highest individual average, closely pressed for that honor by Helm of the same team.

The fourteenth series of the Chicago, Ill., League tournament was rolled last week between the Paramounts and West Ends, the latter capturing two of three games rolled. The third game was won by the Paramounts with the score of 831, which is the highest score rolled in this competition. G. Palm scored 170, and C. Piper 177.

The new Columbia alleys in Greenville, L. I., were opened last week and have proved popular from the start. The enterprising proprietor arranged a cash bowling tournament for Thanksgiving eve and day which was largely attended. Notices of this meeting were sent to most of the clubs of Jersey City, New York and Brooklyn.

The Apollos had an easy time winning two out of the three games rolled against the Quinceys last week in the Arlington National Tournament, Brooklyn, and improved their position in this competition. Old rollers can remember when this club was almost invincible on the old Pomeroy alleys in Twenty-third street, New York City.

A ladies' tournament will be started on the Grocers', New York, alleys the first part of January, under the auspices of the United Bowlers' Club. Applications have been received from most of the prominent female bowlers of the metropolis, insuring the high character of the competition. The winner will be declared the champion of her sex at the game.

The New York Athletic Club is not the only pebble on the beach in the Athletic Club's League this year; they are not making the showing expected of them, having lost as many games as they have won. The other clubs in this tourney have been strengthened materially, and it looks as if there will be a red hot finish between the stronger clubs for the championship.

Clinch covered himself with glory last week by rolling two games with an average of 235½ in the series between his club, the Orientals, and Gotham and Arlington fives in the American National tournament games at the Germania alleys. This places him at the front for individual high prize, with a margin of 33 pins over his nearest competitor. Up to this time Brill was high, with an average of 196. The first-named player also has the honor of rolling the highest score this season in this competition—245.

The Volunteers won a well-played series against the Queen City team in the Cincinnati, O., tournament last week, and the West End alleys were crowded with enthusiasts. The highest scores rolled were F. Snider, of the Queen Citys, 182, and Glibberhaus, of the Volunteers, 175. Hummell of the first named club rolled a total of 77 in the first game, not gaining a strike or spare.

A house tournament managed in a novel way has been started on Henry's alleys, corner Hamburg and Willowby avenue, Brooklyn. Two teams of ten men roll nightly, each member of which is assessed to defray the expenses of the evening, which includes a repast for the clubs. After they finish rolling a prize has been provided for each team that finishes its schedule of games and also for the ten highest individual scores.

The first series of the most important match of the season was rolled last week on the Newark, N. J., alleys between Nick Tyne, the old war horse as he is familiarly known, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and August Kraemer, the acknowledged champion of Newark, N. J. It was a hard struggle from beginning to end and it was necessary to roll the twenty-one games to decide the winner. In fact the last frame of the last game proved the pivotal point. Tyne made a strike giving him a double header and enabled him to win the game by three pins and also the series. Averages: Nick Tyne, 189½; August Kraemer, 185½.

Dr. Timm expects to clear enough money from the United Bowling Clubs' annual tournament this year to enable this organization, with the help of the money now in the treasury, to start that promised home for the bowlers. It seems as if among the fraternity there should be some one ready to help. The doctor's scheme is a grand one, and ought to have been accomplished years ago. There is probably no one man that has worked as hard and accomplished so much for his fellow-bowlers as the doctor. He is untiring in his efforts where anything is to be accomplished for the good of the bowling world. It cannot be much solace to a man to wait until he dies and then subscribe to a monument to commemorate his memory. It would be a better idea to show a little of your appreciation while he can enjoy it.

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